

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

*Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: A Tale of Paraguay, 497; Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism, 499; Historical and Literary Tour of a Traveller in England and Scotland, 500; A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, 502; The Art of Preserving the Hair, 504; A Natural History of Quadrupeds, &c. 506; The Poor Man's Petition to James I., 506.—Description of Gibraltar—History of its celebrated Siege, 506.—Original: Mr. Martin and his Radiclers, 508; Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.: on Milton's Work—Polygamy, 509.—Original Poetry: On Three British Religious Poets, 510; True Friendship, 510.—The Drama, 511.—Literature and Science, 511.—The Bee, 512.*

No. 325.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1825.

Price 6d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Tale of Paraguay.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate. 12mo. pp. 199. London, 1825. Longman and Co. THAT Mr. Southey, alias Dr. Southey, Esq., for so he dubs himself in the title page of his work, is a man of genius will scarcely be doubted when we consider that he wrote Wat Tyler, thought himself a match for Lord Byron, and had the Percy Anecdotes of Genius expressly dedicated to him. That he is a prolific writer is, if possible, still less indisputable. Only think of a man whose poems in foolscap sell for five good guineas and a half, and then he has written prose enough to freight the Baron Renfrew, just launched at Quebec, though of eight thousand tons burden; as, however, it cannot be denied that the worthy doctor has often written well, we ought not to enumerate as sins what his admirers will designate as blessings.

The Tale of Paraguay is founded on an historical fact which is narrated in Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones. It is preceded by a dedication to the author's daughter, Edith Mary Southey, a child of ten years, who must feel proud of such a tribute of parental affection so feelingly expressed. The concluding lines of this dedication are particularly beautiful:—

'How I have doted on thine infant smiles  
At morning when thine eyes unclosed on mine;  
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,  
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,  
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;  
And with what artifice of playful guiles  
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles  
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—  
Something I ween thou know'st; for thou hast seen  
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,  
And felt how childhood in its winning years  
The attemper'd soul to tenderness can move  
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears

With which a parent's heart doth overflow,—  
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love,—  
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

'The years which since thy birth have pass'd away  
May well to thy young retrospect appear  
A measureless extent:—like yesterday  
To me, so soon they fill'd their short career.  
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,  
With sense of time and change; and something too

Of this precarious state of things have taught,  
Where man abideth never in one stay;  
And of mortality a mournful thought.  
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,  
Vol. VI.

When I have said that with autumnal grey  
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father's head;

That even the longest day of life is brief,  
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

'Thy happy nature from the painful thought  
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear

To hear me name the grave: thou knowest not  
How large a portion of my heart is there!  
The faces which I loved in infancy  
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,  
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to come,  
Summon'd before me to their heritage  
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.  
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,  
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell

Often in thought with those whom still I love  
so well.

'Thus wilt thou feel in myitmah urtrend;  
When grief shall be thy portion, thou wilt find

Safe consolation in such thoughts as these,—  
A present refuge in affliction's hour.  
And if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless  
With all imaginable happiness,  
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power

Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.  
Take therefore now thy father's latest lay,—  
Perhaps his last; and treasure in thine heart  
The feelings that its musing strains convey.  
A song it is of life's declining day,  
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,  
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,  
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath;  
A reverent offering to the grave I bring,  
And twine a garland for the brow of death.'

A proem to the tale contains an allusion to the Peninsular war, particularly to that period when the French in Pamplona were looking for succour; this day is contrasted with that when Ignatius Loyola was wounded before the walls of that city, and during his confinement read those books which determined him to enter the church, and found the order of the Jesuits. The tale commences with an apostrophe to Dr. Jenner, which is appropriate, as it relates to the ravages of the small pox in Paraguay, when the whole of a tribe of the Guarani race, with the exception of one pair, fell victims to the pestilence: on the fate of these and their children the tale is founded:—

'Quiara could recall to mind the course  
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew  
Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.  
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,

And from his bow the unerring arrow flew  
With fatal aim: and when the laden bee  
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could pursue  
Its path with certain ken, and follow free  
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank or tree.

'Of answering years was Monnema, nor less  
Expert in all her sex's household ways.  
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;  
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize  
She knew, and when around its stem to raise  
The lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare

Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;  
Or in the embers turn with frequent care  
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for  
daintier fare.

'And how to macerate the bark she knew,  
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,  
And bleaching them in sun and air and dew;  
From dry and glossy filaments entwine  
With rapid twirl of hand the lengthening line;

Next interknitting well the twisted thread,  
In many an even mesh its knots combine,  
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,  
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

'Time had been when expert in works of clay  
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,  
And fill'd it for the appointed festal day  
With the beloved beverage which the bold  
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of old;  
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,  
When in their drunken bravery uncontroll'd,  
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,  
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds and death ensued.

'These occupations were gone by: the skill  
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.  
Content were they, when thirst impell'd, to fill  
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;  
The river from its sluggish bed supplied  
A draught for repetition all unmeet;  
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;  
No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful heat,  
Their days were undisturb'd, their natural sleep was sweet.

'She too had learnt in youth how best to trim  
The honoured chief for his triumphal day,  
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb  
And body, then with feathers overlay,  
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.  
Well-pleased the glorious savage stood and eyed

The growing work; then vain of his array  
Look'd with complacent frown from side to side,  
Stalk'd with elate step, and swell'd with state-  
lier pride.

'Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,  
Could have no place with them in solitude  
To break the tenor of their even life.  
Quiara day by day his game pursued,  
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,  
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;  
And Monnema prepared the hunter's food:  
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate,  
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.'



The happy pair are blessed with a child, and Dr. Southey dwells with rapture on the happiness which such an event is to a parent; indeed it is difficult to say whether parental feeling or poetry predominate most in the description:—

'Days pass, and moons have wax'd and waned, and still  
This dovelet nestled in their leafy bower  
Obtains increase of sense, and strength, and will,

As in due order many a latent power  
Expands,—humanity's exalted dower:  
And they, while thus the days serenely fled  
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower  
Which lifting from a genial soil its head  
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

'Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood  
To the next stage of infancy give place,  
That age with sense of conscious growth en-  
dued,

When every gesture hath its proper grace:  
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering  
pace;

And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts  
appear;

The imitative lips essay to trace  
Their words, observant both with eye and  
ear,

In mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.

'Serenely thus the seasons pass away;  
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly  
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-day,  
Glides on in peaceful uniformity!

Five years have, since Yeruti's birth, gone by,  
Five happy years;—and ere the moon which  
then

Hung like a sylphid's light canoe on high  
Should fill its circle, Monnema again  
Laying her burden down must bear a mother's  
pain.

'Alas, a keener pang before that day,  
Must by the wretched Monnema be borne!  
In quest of game Quiara went his way  
To roam the wilds as he was wont, one  
morn;

She look'd in vain at eve for his return.  
By moonlight through the midnight solitude  
She sought him; and she found his garment  
torn,

His bow and useless arrows in the wood,  
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and  
blood.

Monnema brings forth a girl, and our  
author beautifully describes the feelings of  
the boy on seeing his sister:—

'At first the infant to Yeruti proved  
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.  
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved  
His inmost being, as the happy boy  
Felt in his heart of hearts, without alloy,  
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,  
In whom when now she ceased to be a toy  
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see  
Connatural powers expand, and growing sym-  
pathy.

'For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and  
sought  
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for  
her.

The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he  
brought

To this beloved sister,—whatsoever,  
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare  
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.  
They who affirm all natural acts declare  
Self love to be the ruler of the mind,

Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully  
wrong mankind.

'Three souls in whom no selfishness had place  
Were here: three happy souls, which, unde-  
filed,

Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace  
Of their celestial origin. The wild  
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled  
Upon these simple children of her own,  
And cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,  
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,  
The evils which evoke the stronger being un-  
known.'

The third canto is almost entirely devoted  
to the labours of the Jesuits in Paraguay,  
and contains a somewhat prosaic character  
of Dobrizhoffer. The following is a just  
reprehension of the slave trade:—

'O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone  
But for all lands that bear the Christian  
name!

Where'er commercial slavery is known,  
O shall not Justice, trumpet-tongued, pro-  
claim

The foul reproach, the black offence the same?  
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England,  
hear!

Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself from  
shame,

When slavery from thy realms shall disap-  
pear,

Then from this guilt, and not till then, wilt  
thou be clear.'

Mooma, the daughter of Monnema, is thus  
described, at the moment she is met in the  
woods by the father of the Jesuits:—

'No art of barbarous ornament had scarr'd  
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or fil'd her face;  
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd  
In her sweet countenance the natural grace  
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace  
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care  
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,  
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,  
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

'Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,  
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day  
Her only garment. Round her as it hung,  
In short unequal folds of loose array,  
The open meshes, when she moves, display  
Her form. She stood with fix'd and wonder-  
ing eyes,

And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,  
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries  
She call'd her mother forth to share that glad  
surprise.'

The Guarani family become converted,  
and going to live in one of the towns among  
the Spaniards, successively fall victims to the  
change of habits, air, and food. Monnema  
first, then Mooma, and lastly Yeruti. The  
feelings of the worthy father, Dobrizhoffer,  
at seeing the family he had brought from  
their wilds, gradually sinking away, are well  
expressed:—

'At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer stood  
Beside her bed, oh, how unlike, he thought  
This voice to that which ringing through the  
wood

Had led him to the secret bower he sought!  
And was it then for this that he had brought  
That harmless household from their native  
shade?

Death had already been the mother's lot;  
And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to fade  
So soon,—so soon must she in earth's cold lap  
be laid?

'Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;  
And wherefore should he? he had acted  
well,

And deeming of the ways of God aright,  
Knew that to such as these, whate'er befell  
Must needs for them be best. But who could  
dwell

Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,  
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears  
fell,

From that good man as over her he hung,  
And that the prayers he said came faltering  
from his tongue!

'She saw him weep, and she could understand  
The cause thus tremulously that made him  
speak.

By his emotion moved she took his hand;  
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek  
Past, while she look'd at him with meaning  
meek,

And for a little while, as loth to part,  
Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak,  
Play'd with their hold; then letting him de-  
part,

She gave him a slow smile that touch'd him to  
the heart.

'Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give  
That should detain her ready spirit here?  
Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to  
live,

Could wishes hold her from her proper  
sphere?

That simple heart, that innocence sincere  
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er  
could be

For the great change; and now that change  
is near,

Oh, who would keep her soul from being  
free?

Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for  
thee!

'She hath pass'd away, and on her lips a smile  
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they  
aright,

Or suffered they their fancy to beguile  
The reason, who believed that she had sight  
Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight;  
That angels waited round her lowly bed;  
And that in that last effort of delight,  
When lifting up her dying arms, she said,  
I come! a ray from Heaven upon her face was  
shed?

'St. Joachin's had never seen a day  
Of such profuse and general grief before,  
As when with tapers, dirge, and long array  
The maiden's body to the grave they bore.  
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;  
Yet wondering at the fortune they lament,  
They the wise ways of Providence adore,  
By whom the pastor surely had been sent  
When to the Mondai woods upon his quest he  
went.'

This is very natural and very beautiful;  
and The Tale of Paraguay is altogether a  
very pretty poem. The author, whose amia-  
ble domestic life is proverbial, seems to have  
poured forth his whole soul in song, and  
poets never write better than when they  
write from the heart. We are glad to see  
Mr. Southey return to the muses, for really,  
after his Vision of Judgment, he had some  
atonement to make and some reputation to  
regain, which he has done by the volume  
before us. Several notes, and two engravings  
by Heath, from designs by Westall, are added  
to the work, which is, however, somewhat  
dear at half a guinea.

Practical  
tholicism  
WHITE  
1825.

NUMEROUS  
Roman Ca  
had so for  
White, a  
subject is  
his pen.  
tholic, and  
that relig  
Though d  
mother w  
equal in  
the church  
and imbui  
gan to de  
much sine  
reasons w  
religion o  
testantism

'My re  
disturbed  
now to p  
of devoti  
gather a  
darkness  
That im  
source of  
case, an  
many ot  
deny: a  
that my  
at a per  
reproach  
but thos  
that dur  
lief to in  
the faith  
my soul  
that I ex  
countera  
daily ac  
this distr  
argumen  
gion, wh  
logists;  
and hav  
carabin  
of St.  
chapel,  
which  
But the  
of the  
mon,—  
due to  
Atheism

'Wh  
previou  
cannot  
perfect  
in whi  
Scriptu  
persua  
terpret  
could  
tainty.  
faith  
Roman  
tion.  
church  
creed



*Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism.* By the Rev. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, M. A. and B. D. 8vo. London, 1825. Murray.

NUMEROUS as are the writers against the Roman Catholic religion, yet it perhaps never had so formidable an assailant as Mr. Blanco White, a gentleman whose knowledge of the subject is only equalled by the eloquence of his pen. Mr. White was born a Roman Catholic, and was brought up in a country where that religion has its firmest hold—Spain. Though descended from an Irish family, his mother was a Spanish lady, whom few could equal in religious sincerity. Educated for the church, instructed in all its mysteries, and imbued with habits of devotion, he began to doubt its truth, and he relates, with much sincerity, the state of his mind and the reasons which induced him to relinquish the religion of his ancestors, and embrace Protestantism:—

‘My religious belief had hitherto been undisturbed; but light clouds of doubt began now to pass over my mind, which the warmth of devotion soon dissipated, yet they would gather again and again with an increased darkness which prayer could scarcely dispel. That immorality and levity are *always* the source of unbelief, the experience of my own case, and my intimate acquaintance with many others, enable me most positively to deny: as to myself, I declare most solemnly that my rejection of Christianity took place at a period when my conscience could not reproach me with any open breach of duty but those committed several years before: that during the transition from religious belief to incredulity, the horror of sins against the faith deeply implanted by education in my soul, haunted me night and day; and that I exerted all the powers of my mind to counteract the involuntary doubts which were daily acquiring an irresistible strength. In this distress I brought to remembrance all my arguments for the truth of the Christian religion, which I had studied in the French Apologists; I read other works of the same kind; and having to preach to the royal brigade of carabineers, who came to worship the body of St. Ferdinand, preserved in the king’s chapel, I chose the subject of infidelity, on which I delivered an elaborate discourse. But the fatal crisis was at hand. At the end of the year, from the preaching of this sermon,—the confession is painful, indeed, yet due to religion itself,—I was bordering on Atheism.

‘When I examine the state of my mind previous to my rejecting the Christian faith, I cannot recollect anything in it but what is in perfect accordance with that form of religion in which I was educated. I revered the Scriptures as the word of God, but was also persuaded, that without a living infallible interpreter, the Bible was a dead letter, which could not convey its meaning with any certainty. I grounded, therefore, my Christian faith on the infallibility of the church. No Roman Catholic pretends to a better foundation. I believe whatever the holy mother church holds and believes is the compendious creed of every member of the Roman com-

munion. Had my doubts affected any particular doctrine, I should have clung to the decisions of a church which claims exemption from error. But my first doubts attacked the very basis of Catholicism. I thought within myself that the certainty of the Roman Catholic faith had no better ground than a fallacy of that kind which is called reasoning in a circle; for I believed the infallibility of that church, because the Scripture said she was infallible; while I had no better proof that the Scripture said so, than the assertion of the church, that she could not mistake the Scripture. In vain did I endeavour to evade the force of this argument, indeed I still believe it unanswerable. Was then Christianity nothing but a groundless fabric,—the world supported by the elephant,—the elephant standing on the tortoise? Such was the conclusion to which I was led by a system which impresses the mind with the obscurity and insufficiency of the written word of God. Why should I consult the Scriptures? My only choice was between Revelation explained by the church of Rome, and no Revelation. Catholics who live in Protestant countries may, in spite of the direct tendency of their system, practically perceive the unreal nature of this dilemma. But wherever the religion of Rome reigns absolute, there is but one step between it and infidelity.’

For ten years did Mr. White struggle with infidelity, when the approach of the French army to Seville made him quit that city and Spain for England. On his arrival here, he read Paley’s *Natural Theology*, which appears to have been mainly instrumental in removing his atheistical doubts; he next found himself verging towards Unitarianism, but at length avoided that danger, and he concludes the history of his mind during a long and interesting period, with the following observations:—

‘I have now gone through the religious history of my mind, in which I request you to notice the result of my various situations. Under the influence of that mental despotism which would prevent investigation, by the fear of eternal ruin, or which mocks reason, by granting the examination of premises, while it reserves to itself the right of drawing conclusions: I was irresistibly urged into a denial of revelation: but no sooner did I obtain freedom, than instead of my mind running riot in the enjoyment of the long delayed boon, it opened to conviction, and acknowledged the truth of Christianity,—the temper of that *mind* shows, I believe, the general character of the age to which it belongs. I have been enabled to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare again and again, that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England. The testimony of all who frequent the Continent,—a testimony which every one’s knowledge of foreigners supports, represents all Catholic countries in a similar condition; will it then be unreasonable to

suppose, that if a *fair* choice was given between the religion of Rome and other forms of Christianity, many would, like myself, embrace the gospel which they have rejected? Is there not some presumption of error against a system which everywhere revolts an improving age from Christianity?’

After Mr. White has concluded his personal history, he enters on the question of Catholicism, which he treats in a masterly manner; he differs from the amiable and venerable Mr. Charles Butler, as to the power of the pope; he exposes the dreadful intolerance of the Roman Catholic religion, and the Jesuitry by which some of its advocates defend it. How intolerant it is, and to what infatuation it leads its votaries, will be seen by the following extract: there is no tie of affection more strong than that of a mother, and yet a slavish adherence to a bigoted and tyrannical church goes far to violate the most sacred of bonds and almost to drive a parent to become the misguided murderer of her own son; for had she in one frenzied moment denounced him, all the powers on earth would not have wrested him from the relentless fangs of the inquisitors; but we must let the elegant author relate his own anecdote, and then we will ask if the charge of intolerance against Catholicism requires to be further substantiated. Mr. White says:—

‘Believe a man who has spent the best years of his life where Catholicism is professed without the check of dissenting opinions, where it luxuriates on the soil which fire and sword have cleared of whatever might stunt its natural and genuine growth—a growth incessantly watched over by the head of your church, and her authorised representatives the Inquisitors.—Alas! “I have a mother” outweighed all other reasons for a change in a man of genius (Pope), who yet cared not to show his indifference to the religious system under which he was born. I too “had a mother,” and such a mother, as did I possess the talents of your great poet tenfold, they would have been honoured in doing homage to the powers of her mind and the goodness of her heart. No woman could love her children more ardently, and none of those children was more vehemently loved than myself. But the Roman Catholic creed had poisoned in her the surest source of affection. I saw her during a long period unable to restrain her tears in my presence. I perceived that she shunned my conversation, especially when my university friends drew me into topics above those of domestic talk. I loved her, and this behaviour cut me to the heart. In my distress I applied to a friend to whom she used to communicate all her sorrow, and to my utter horror, I learnt that suspecting me of anti-catholic principles, my mother was distracted by the fear that she might be obliged to accuse me to the Inquisition, if I incautiously uttered some condemned proposition in her presence. To avoid the barbarous necessity of being the instrument of my ruin, she could find no other means but that of shunning my presence. Did this unfortunate mother overrate or mistake the nature of her Roman Ca-



tholic duties? By no means. The Inquisition was established by the supreme authority of her church; and under that authority she was enjoined to accuse any person whatever whom she might overhear uttering heretical opinions. No exception was made in favour of fathers, children, husbands, wives;—to conceal was to abet their errors, and doom two souls to eternal perdition.

Speaking of the forced celibacy of the Catholic clergy, and its consequences, Mr. W. says:—

'The cares of a married life, it is said, interfere with the duties of the clergy. Do not the cares of a vicious life, the anxieties of stolen love, the contrivances of adulterous intercourse, the pains, the jealousies, the remorse attached to a conduct in perfect contradiction with a public and solemn profession of superior virtue,—do not these cares, these bitter feelings, interfere with the duties of priesthood? I have seen the most promising men of my university obtain country vicarages, with characters unimpeached, and hearts overflowing with hopes of usefulness. A virtuous wife would have confirmed and strengthened their purposes; but they were to live a life of angels in celibacy. They were however, men, and their duties connected them with beings of no higher description. Young women knelt before them in all the intimacy and openness of confession. A solitary house made them go abroad in search of social converse. Love, long-resisted, seized them, at length, like madness. Two I knew, who died insane; hundreds might be found who avoid that fate by a life of settled systematic vice.'

The family of Mr. White has fallen victims to their rigid adherence to their religion; his eldest sister died at the age of twenty-two, in a convent, when, had she not been a slave to that church, air, amusement, and exercise, might have saved her. He had another sister, to whom he looked forward as a companion for life:—

'But,' says he, 'she had a heart open to every noble impression, and such among Catholics are apt to be misled from the path of practical usefulness, into the wilderness of visionary perfection. At the age of twenty, she left an infirm mother to the care of servants and strangers, and shut herself up in a convent, where she was not allowed to see even her nearest relations. With a delicate frame, requiring every indulgence to support it in health, she embraced a rule which denied her the comforts of the lowest class in society;—a coarse wollen frock fretted her skin: her feet had no covering but that of shoes, open at the toes, that they might expose them to the cold of a brick floor: a couch of bare planks was her bed, and an unfurnished cell her dwelling. Disease soon filled her conscience with fears, and I had often to endure the torture of witnessing her agonies at the confessional. I left her when I quitted Spain, dying much too slowly for her only chance of relief.—I wept bitterly for her loss two years after: yet I could not be so cruel as to wish her alive.'

Our extracts, it will be seen, consist rather of facts than arguments, though they are pretty

conclusive as to the latter; the fact, however, is, that we hate political and polemical controversy, and have no wish to make our journal the medium of either; we shall now only quote another passage, relating to the general tendency of the Roman Catholic religion, and leave the more argumentative part of the work, to those who have opinions to form or doubts to remove:—

'But has not the influence of Roman Catholic infallibility, even in the less oppressed countries, disturbed the best efforts of the human intellect, closed up many of the direct roads to knowledge, and forced ingenuity to skulk in the pursuit of it like a thief? Sound the antiquary, the astronomer, the natural philosopher of Italy; and the characteristic shrug of the shoulders will soon tell you that they have gone the full stretch of the chain they are forced to wear. What if the chain be already snapped at every link, and kept together by threads? Reckon, if you can, the struggles, the sighs, the artifices, the perjuries which have brought it to that state. Look at Galileo on his knees. See the commentators of Newton, prefixing a declaration to his immortal Principia, in which by a solemn falsehood, they avoid the fate of the unhappy Florentine astronomer. Newton, say the great mathematicians Le Seur and Jacquier, assumes in his third book, the hypothesis of the earth's motion. The propositions of that author could not be explained, except through the same hypothesis. We have therefore been forced to act a character not our own; but we declare our submission to the decrees of the Roman pontiffs against the motion of the earth. The same sacrifice of sincerity is expected at the Spanish universities. Science indeed has scarcely ever made a step without bowing, with a lie in her mouth, to Roman infallibility. Mankind has to thank Lord Bacon, as he might thank the intellectual liberty which the Reformation allowed him, for that burst of light which at once broke out from his writings, and spread the seeds of true knowledge too thick and wide for Rome to smother them.'

We need not, we are sure, say one word to convince our readers, that this is a very important and interesting work, and that the author is a man of very high attainments and great conscientiousness.

*Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland.*

(Concluded from p. 481.)

DR. PICHOT, for this is the name of the author of this work, though displaying a much more intimate acquaintance with us and our institutions than a foreigner could be expected to obtain, occasionally blunders, and in nothing more than when he compares methodism to popery. On the subject of the law, and the way in which a young student cuts his way into the profession, he also makes some mistakes; as he does when he states that Sir James Mackintosh is the author of a history, since it is well known that Sir James has written nothing but the prospectus, and that a dozen years ago—though a clever man, he is too indolent for an historian. The remarks on Brougham and Scarlett are, in general, correct, except

so far as relates to the queen's trial, when Brougham displayed much vulgarity and bad tact, but no dignity whatever. The author makes a curious mistake as to The Rejected Addresses, which he says are by Messrs. Frere and Smith; this we should naturally attribute to his converting the French word for brother into a proper name, but that he mentions Mr. Frere as the author of The Monks and the Giants. Our author had letters of introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and his account of the interview is by no means the least interesting chapter in his work:—

'Sir W. Scott.—"Well, doctor, how did you like the banks of the Tweed and Melrose Abbey?"

"They are worthy of the bard who has sung them. I, besides, paid a visit to Abbotsford, and surveyed with interest your Gothic sculptures, your armoury, and pictures, some of which are speaking representations. I shall now reperuse, with double pleasure, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and your other works."

'Sir W. Scott.—"Are you acquainted with the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border?"

"A great part of it; but more especially with your own imitations of the old border ballads. It was, I believe, your first publication."

'Sir W. Scott.—"Not exactly. I made my debut in 1799, with an imitation of some ballads of Burger, and a translation of the chivalresque drama of Goethe, Gotz Von Berlichingen. These essays procured me the acquaintance of the famous Lewis, author of The Monk, and surnamed Monk Lewis. He was a very agreeable man, whose imagination was perfectly amorous of the supernatural, and of popular superstitions. I read to him my Eve of St. John and Glenfinlas; and he requested my permission to insert these two poems in his Tales of Wonder."

"I should apprehend that The Monk of Lewis is a little out of fashion."

'Sir W. Scott.—"It is a work written with power. It produced an effect, although it came after the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. Like the latter, Lewis has chosen the south as the seat of his action: in a southern atmosphere, passions as well as vegetation have more energy; passion is wanted in these kind of works. The marvellous alone will not suffice for so sceptical an age as this. I should have liked Mrs. Radcliffe more, if she had been less anxious about the explanation of her mysteries. Lewis wrote as if he believed."

"Might not Mrs. Radcliffe, as a woman, be in dread of passing for superstitious?"

'Sir W. Scott.—"It may be so. Her works, compared with the common novel, are what melo-dramas are compared with tragedies and comedies. Terror is their chief spring of action. But there are some good melo-dramas. Walpole created the melo-dramatic romance; but Mrs. Radcliffe surpassed Walpole. Lewis and Maturin have alone come near Mrs. Radcliffe. The Montorio Family is a very astonishing work."

"Was  
lished at F  
'Sir W  
London,  
same epoc  
Canning a  
'"You  
portion of  
to Edinbu  
'"Sir  
make pub  
has done  
'"Scot  
men to th  
'Sir W  
authors is  
Hume an  
Life of Jo  
charming  
Edinburg  
century.  
a poet in  
prose fict  
good rom  
degree.  
critic in  
and Triff  
novels.  
in his Ma  
de Roubi  
'"Sec  
literature  
Campbel  
'"Sir V  
great po  
Scotch."  
'"Ma  
are?"  
'"Sir V  
him yest  
and that  
tion."  
'"H  
'"Sir V  
too far.  
'"I  
Abbotsfo  
'"Ye  
and a dis  
'"H  
'"Sir V  
ters, I ha  
'"I sh  
Mr. Loc  
to the ba  
few test  
however  
before th  
tion he  
his pow  
flood of  
was pre  
barrister  
'"I re  
pleading  
'"Sir  
clerk of  
publishe  
of Selki  
'"This  
£300 p  
to the E  
appoint



"Was your *Gotz von Berlichingen* published at Edinburgh?"

"Sir W. Scott.—"No, I published it at London, where I then was. It is from the same epoch that my acquaintance with M. M. Canning and Frere commenced."

"You have contributed to transfer a portion of the English bookselling business to Edinburgh."

"Sir W. Scott.—"Authors doubtless make publishers; but Mr. Arch. Constable has done much for Scotch authorship."

"Scotland has always supplied great men to the literary republic."

"Sir W. Scott.—"The patriarch of our authors is Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who knew Hume and Robertson intimately. In his *Life of John Home*, lately published, he has charmingly described the Literary Society of Edinburgh during the second half of the last century. He is a poet and romance writer; a poet in versification; but a poet also in his prose fictions; indeed, it is difficult for a good romance writer not to be so in some degree. Mr. Mackenzie is an ingenious critic in his periodical essays (*The Mirror and Trifler*), and a pathetic author in his novels. There is a little of Sterne's manner in his *Man of Feeling*; the pathos of *Julia de Roubigné* is more natural and pure."

"Scotland continues to enrich English literature with its best works. Thomas Campbell is a Scotchman."

"Sir W. Scott.—"A Scotchman and a great poet. Lord Byron is also a little Scotch."

"May I ask you on what terms you are?"

"Sir W. Scott.—"I received a letter from him yesterday. We are in correspondence, and that of an amicable and intimate description."

"He has scoffed a little at Scotland."

"Sir W. Scott.—"The review went much too far. Lord Byron is very irritable."

"I saw the portrait of Mr. Jeffrey at Abbotsford. I presume you are friendly."

"Yes; he is one of our literary notables, and a distinguished barrister."

"Have you also appeared at the bar?"

"Sir W. Scott.—"Like all young barristers, I have pleaded on criminal trials."

"I shall here add, from the authority of Mr. Lockhart, that Sir W. Scott, when called to the bar, at the age of twenty-one, gave but few testimonies of his talent. He once, however, had an opportunity of speaking before the General Assembly, and the question he treated of having suddenly kindled his powers, he expressed himself with a flood of eloquence. The famous Dr. Blair was present, and said aloud, "This young barrister will be a great man."

"I resume our dialogue. "You quitted pleading for a judicial situation."

"Sir W. Scott.—"I was not appointed clerk of the Court of Session till after I had published *Marmion*. I was already sheriff of Selkirkshire."

"This post brings Sir Walter in about £300 per annum, and he was indebted for it to the Buccleugh family. He was afterwards appointed deputy-lieutenant of Roxburgh-

shire. Sir Walter Scott owed his nomination of clerk to the Court of Session to Pitt, who was superseded by Fox before the nomination was signed and sealed. On its presentation to Fox for signature, he approved it without hesitation. "It is providing," said he, "for a man of genius; the precedent cannot be dangerous to us." It must be added, that Walter Scott performed his functions for several years gratuitously, while expecting the death of the titular clerk, his predecessor, who was an infirm old man. This fact has been disputed by M. Simond in his *Voyage en Angleterre*; he rectified the error in his second English edition only. If I do not give Fox's expression in the actual terms he used, I have a member of Sir W. Scott's family for my authority. The place of clerk or secretary to the Court of Session is worth, from 12 to £1500 per annum. Sir W. Scott performs its duties with assiduity. It may be recollected that a member of the House of Commons one day denounced this place as a useless office, because it was exercised by a man, who found time to publish seven or eight volumes yearly, without counting his contributions to the journals, &c. Reckoning up the emoluments derived from his place and books only, it may readily be conceived, that Sir Walter Scott has a chateau, an elegant town-house, numerous servants, a carriage with four horses, &c. &c.

"Lady Scott entered the drawing-room, and laid a box on the table, which she opened, and showed to Mr. Crabbe, and then to me: this box contained a kind of cockade or St. Andrew's cross, composed of pearls and precious stones found on the coasts of Scotland."

"Lady Scott.—"It is a St. Andrew's cross, which the ladies of Scotland have commissioned Sir W. Scott to present to his majesty before he alights. It is the work of a lady of high rank and great beauty."

"I naturally admired the cross, the pearls, and the delicacy of the workmanship. Two children now entered; one the youngest son of Sir W. Scott, and the other, I believe, a brother of Mr. Lockhart; those are his majesty's two pages, said Lady Scott to me; and she explained to me that they would be pages only during the residence of the king at Edinburgh. I asked Sir Walter if he had not another son; and he replied, that he had a son twenty years of age, a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars. Mr. Scott is now in Prussia."

"Sir W. Scott.—"You find us in the midst of festivities, doctor. You are come to Edinburgh at a time when our city is going to put forth all its bravery."

"I intend, however, to escape from all this bustle, and make my excursion into Perthshire during the king's stay."

"Sir W. Scott.—"Indeed! What urgency induces you? You will be decidedly in the wrong. The mountains and the lakes are always to be found; but the spectacle about to be exhibited in Edinburgh will not be renewed for some time."

"Lady Scott.—"Baron Staël was also careless of staying; and set off for the north of Scotland. Pray, do not imitate him. We

have, however, repeatedly told him that he was about to lose an unique spectacle."

"Sir W. Scott.—"Since you love old Scotland, you will see its living physiognomy, or, at least, its national costume. We shall revive our old devices, our old titles, and some of the customs of independent Scotland. Why go to look for the Highland clans in the mountains, when the report of the king's arrival has resounded to the extremity of the ancient kingdom of Bruce, and brings hither daily new representatives of our historical names? You must remain. I will undertake to procure you a place where you will see everything."

Dr. Pichot is a great admirer of Lord Byron and his *Don Juan*. He says—

"A pretence has been lately set up in England that Byron was becoming unfaithful to his own glory; and that his latter works are deficient in the vigour which characterized the first. But if you quote *Don Juan*, the conversation changes its tone, and loses its literary complexion. The big words of morality, religion, and chivalrous loyalty, compose the text of the discussion. Byron had been pardoned for passing for a *voluptuous misanthrope*; for a *sceptical enthusiast*; but he dared to betray the great secret of the English moral aristocracy, and denounce its mock dignity of character. From that moment he became a bad citizen and a fallen poet. It must be confessed, that *Don Juan* is cosmopolitan in every sense of the word; but it is also a poem which has given the lie to those who pretend that he has only one string to his lyre. What a variety of tones! what sublime and graceful descriptions! but especially what profound knowledge of the world! what dexterity in detecting the little springs of so many great actions, and so many great virtues! The demigods descend from their pedestal: it is sometimes, if objectors will have it so, the smile of a demon which discomposes their laughable gravity; but is it in the right or in the wrong? I have, undoubtedly, protested elsewhere against the abuse of talent, the three or four personalities, and the symptoms of bad taste, which stain some of the beautiful pages of the poem; but, like many others, I am hurried away by the mockery of a superior man, who has closely inspected those whose characters he depicts. There is in *Don Juan* a curious mixture of the satirical spirit of Voltaire, Fielding, and Sterne, with the most noble and exalted poetry. But one is naturally disposed to quarrel with the noble bard, when, after having excited in us all the most terrible emotions of our nature, he concludes with bantering us for having believed him in earnest like ourselves. Let any one conceive the idea of Talma, stopping short in the expression of some mental grief, or tragic passion, in order to parody himself! But in the cantos succeeding the fifth, Lord Byron aims more at the sublime, and limits himself to the portraiture of men and things in their unsophisticated state. If he abandons himself to the impulse of susceptibility in favour of liberty, virtue, or any other honourable feeling, he no longer seeks to persuade us that it is feint and mockery; if



he traces a chaste picture, he no longer spoils the effect by grotesque imagery; and if he assembles therein less noble figures, it is only for the sake of obeying the eternal law of contrast and of truth. His facility of composition is inexhaustible. He passes "Du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe;" but without confounding the different species. His portraits are comic or ridiculous, because they are faithful, and no longer exhibit that burlesque exaggeration which is the constituent of caricature. What a painting is that of Suwarrow and his camp! What a terrific lecture on military glory, is the narrative of the siege of Ishmael! What a transition from the sultan's seraglio, to the court of Catherine! and finally, what a striking picture of the domestic interior of the English aristocracy! But here a cry has been raised, that Byron was never used to the good company of London. It must then be denied that the Prince Regent personally met him in such society, and made advances to him, with which the pride of the poet, it is true, was but little flattered; it must be denied that the entirely aristocratic review of Gifford, stated in 1819, that before his exile, Byron was the idol of all circles; it must, in short, be denied, that the upper class of society is good company, which would be worse than confessing that it is not exempt from the vices with which Lord Byron charges it.

In his critical remarks, Dr. Pichot is generally correct, and his work forms a very clever and interesting picture of the literature of England, and a very faithful character of its principal writers.

*A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville.* By GEORGE COVENTRY. 8vo. London, 1825. Phillips.

Who was Junius? This is a question which every person who has read his letters, or heard his name, has been asking for the last half century, without either getting, or expecting to get, a satisfactory answer; and as much ink has been shed in the solution of the question, as on any literary or polemical discussion or controversy, with which we are acquainted. The letters have been attributed in succession to—Charles Lloyd, John Roberts, Samuel Dyer, William Gerard Hamilton, Edmund Burke, Dr. Butler late Bishop of Hereford, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, General Lee, John Wilkes, Hugh Boyd, the Earl of Chatham, Dunning Lord Ashburton, Henry Flood, Glover the author of *Leonidas*, the Earl of Shelburne, the late Duke of Portland, Lord Chesterfield, De Lolme, Horne Tooke, Dr. Wilmot, Sir Philip Francis, and Lord George Sackville. Of all these claims to the honour of Junius, advanced by their respective friends, not one was so absurd as that made for De Lolme by Dr. Busby, but as the worthy gentleman observes:—

'When energizing objects men pursue,  
What are the freaks they will not do.'

Even the claim for Dr. Wilmot, made by that illustrious personage, the *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland, was rational, compared to that of De Lolme; but, passing

over these, we may observe, that the field has been very satisfactorily cleared of every candidate, except Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville. The external evidence in favour of the former is very strong. The knowledge of transactions in the war-office, displayed by Junius, Mr. Francis was supposed to acquire as he was a clerk in it at the time; and the antipathy of the writer to Bradshaw and Chamier, is accounted for, by their being retained as the favourites of Lord Barrington, when Mr. Francis was dismissed; the political opinions, temper, phraseology, and handwriting of Sir Philip and Junius also correspond to a considerable extent. In the spelling of some words, in the signing of their initials in private letters in the manner of correcting the press, marking quotations, and in their system of punctuation, there was great similarity between Junius and Sir Phillip; and in their writings, they both connect words divided at the end of a line, not by a hyphen, but by a colon, which they repeated, contrary to general usage, at the beginning of the second line, as well as at the end of the first. The personal appearance of Sir Philip, also, corresponded with that of the gentleman who was seen to have left one of Junius's letters at Woodfall's; and the appointment of Mr. Francis, from a clerkship in the War Office, to be a Member of the Supreme Council of India, at the moment Junius ceased to write, seem to countenance the idea that they were one and the same person. Against this array of evidence, there is, however, the great improbability that so young a man as Mr. Francis was at the time could write these letters, and that so obscure a person could possess the information Junius obtained. To this must be added the denial of Sir Philip, made some years ago to Sir Richard Phillips, who modestly sent a note to ask him to betray his own secret. To this note he replied:—"The great civility of your letter induces me to answer it; which, with reference merely to its subject matter, I should have declined. Whether you will assist in giving currency to a silly malignant falsehood, is a question for your own discretion; to me it is a matter of perfect indifference."

With regard to Lord George Sackville, if there is not such apparently-strong evidence, there is no positive contradiction. Lord George was the first person generally suspected, and Sir William Draper was of opinion that he was the man. Young Woodfall, too, after a patient and ingenious investigation of the several claims, ascribes the letters to Lord George, who, it must be recollected, had greater provocations to justify the resentments which Junius manifests than any person then living; for, after a brilliant career of military glory, he was dismissed—ignominiously dismissed—from all his appointments, without a trial, on a charge of neglecting the orders of Prince Ferdinand, and an insinuation that the disobedience arose from cowardice, and, when he demanded a trial, he was found guilty of the imputed neglect, and declared incapable of again serving the king in a military capacity. How this must have rankled in the heart of a man

of Lord George's spirit, when he knew his innocence, it is not difficult to conceive; and if he were Junius, he took an awful revenge on those who wronged him. Punished by George the Second, and insulted by his successor, in an intimation, to abstain from court, it is no wonder that he became inimical to the family: besides, although he was appointed to office in 1765, yet he was, in the very next year, dismissed, on the ground of his court-martial, which took place long before his appointment. This reminds us of the infamous injustice of James the First, in reviving the sentence against Raleigh, although he had been employed in his service after the finding of the sentence; in the latter case, however, it was the personal act of the monarch; in the former, that of his ministers; for, in the present day, as Brooke observes in his play of *Gustavus Vasa* (we quote from memory),—

'Has the king virtues?—They are his own;  
His vices are his ministers.'

Equally cogent reasons may be adduced for Junius's rancorous enmity to Lord Mansfield, the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, and Lord Barington, as for his fierce attacks on the king, if we assume that Lord George was Junius; for by them he suffered, or at least thought so. There are, no doubt, strong points in favour of the presumption that Lord George was Junius; and they are ably urged by Mr. Coventry, however faulty his arrangement may be. Junius's knowledge of war, and of society in high life, would be equally material, on the same assumption. One thing has always staggered the Junius-hunters; we allude to his knowledge of a visit Garrick paid to the king at Richmond, as is proved by the following letter, which he sent through Woodfall to the Roscius:—

"To Mr. David Garrick.

"November 10, 1771.

"I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day. Now mark me, vagabond—keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—JUNIUS."

No. 41.

Lord George's knowledge of this event is very satisfactorily accounted for by Mr. Coventry, who says,—

'We have no other means of accounting for the quickness of the communication, but by supposing that Junius was at Richmond on that day.'

'The palace which the king occupied at that time was situate near Richmond Green. The entrance to the grounds was exactly opposite to a house formerly the residence of Thomson the poet.'

'At the era in question this house was rented by Lord George Sackville, who, during this eventful period of his life, spent part of his time here, which not only offered him an occasional retirement, but facilitated his means of information on what was passing in the king's household.'

'The overlooker suspicion with the  
'His was one naturally any part  
There favour the Sackville ever, sta Mansfield by Cum ingratitu says Lor from Lo land's ac  
'I wa Sackville came in field] h staggered to his re with pal ber right death-li visibly field, in for it h man ou of other meeting had he priety.  
'As his brea gan by given h he was conditio good lo have in of payi great v feigned all the through that I and no respect and no licit yo tions o appear life, un of you  
Mr. mation son of format the fol  
'H ner, b render father whole questi not to  
'Sackv Lord M more e



The front of the house so completely overlooked the palace, that, without exciting suspicion, he could notice the daily arrivals with the utmost facility.

His friend Colonel Amherst, also, who was one of the king's aide-de-camps, would naturally be of service to him with regard to any particular intelligence.

There are many other strong points which favour the assumption that Lord George Sackville was Junius: we could not, however, state, as one, his interview with Lord Mansfield, when on his death-bed, as related by Cumberland, without charging him with ingratitude or hypocrisy; for Mr. Coventry says Lord Sackville had received no favours from Lord Mansfield. We insert Cumberland's account of the interview:—

"I was present at their interview; Lord Sackville, just dismounted from his horse, came into the room where he [Lord Mansfield] had waited a very few minutes: he staggered as he advanced to reach his hand to his respectable visitor; he drew his breath with palpitating quickness, and, if I remember rightly, never rode again. There was a death-like character in his countenance, that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shown, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend, invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety.

"As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologizing for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him, in the condition he was now reduced to, "but, my good lord," he said, "though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me through the course of my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not wish to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character, and now, in the most serious manner, to solicit your forgiveness, if ever, in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party, I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours."\*

Mr. Coventry, anxious to gain every information, waited on the Duke of Dorset, the son of Lord George Sackville, to ask for information connected with the subject; and the following is the account of the interview:

"He received me in the most polite manner, but told me it was out of his power to render me assistance, not having any of his father's letters in his possession. Upon the whole he considered, that as the affair in question was now at rest, it would be as well not to revive it, lest animadversions should be

\* "There is no instance on record of Lord Sackville having received any favours from Lord Mansfield, which makes the interview the more extraordinary."—COVENTRY.

made that would tend to recall past events. His grace more than once observed during the interview, that his father was an injured man; but he believed there never existed one who naturally possessed a better or more susceptible heart. I told him that this was my firm belief, and that the inquiry in which I was engaged, would not, in the slightest degree, tend to alter that opinion."

We agree in the assertion of the late Theophilus Swift, that one man firing a pistol at another is no proof of courage; but that Lord George was a brave man we never doubted, and the following account of his duel, if it does not prove, at least confirms it.

"On the 14th December 1770, Lord George moved, "That the speaker do write to such eldest sons and heirs apparent of peers, kings, serjeants, and masters in chancery, as are members of this House, and to the attorney and solicitor-general, requesting them to attend in their places every day at two o'clock, to assist in carrying bills to the Lords."—Seconded by Lord George Cavendish.

"Among other things in support of his motion, Lord George said, that what he had been urging was for the honour of the nation, in which, he did declare, he greatly interested himself. It was thought a very remarkable motion altogether.

"Governor Johnstone, in reply, took occasion to say, "that he wondered that noble lord should interest himself so deeply in the honour of his country, when he had, hitherto, been so regardless of his own."

"These words occasioned a duel, the particulars of which are as follow:—Governor Johnstone's speech was not, at the time it was delivered, heard by Lord George Germain; and he declared he was sorry that he had missed the opportunity of making an instant replication; but that, however, he would take proper notice of it. On Monday, the 17th December, 1770, Governor Johnstone was attending the committee who were sitting on the petitions relative to the embarkment at Durham Yard, when Mr. Thomas Townshend came to him, and desired to speak with him; he took him into another room, when he told him, after making a very polite and gentlemanly excuse as to what share he had in the business, he came upon, that the reflection he had cast on the character of Lord George Germain, though not heard by himself at the time, had been communicated to him by his friends; and that, in consequence, Lord George had begged of him to wait on Governor Johnstone, to desire that he would retract what he had said; that for his own part he should be exceedingly sorry to have a quarrel happen between two gentlemen, whom he knew, and for whom he had a great respect, and he therefore hoped that, to prevent the consequences, Governor Johnstone would retract what he had said respecting Lord George.

"The governor said, it was very true, he had made use of such and such expressions in the house; that they conveyed his opinion, and that he would maintain and support it. Upon which Mr. Townshend said,

in that case, Lord George demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman from him, which the other declared he was ready to give his lordship at any time. Mr. Townshend then said, Lord George was in an adjoining room, and, if the governor pleased, they would go to him. The governor assented; and Mr. Townshend conveyed him to the room in which Lord George was waiting. Lord George repeated the cause of quarrel, and the demand of satisfaction, which the other acquiesced in, desiring his lordship would appoint his own time and place. Lord George then mentioned the ring in Hyde Park; and as, in affairs of this kind, all times were alike, the present was, in his opinion, as good a one as any. Governor Johnstone entirely agreed with Lord George as to place; but said, as he was now attending his duty in a committee on a subject he had very much at heart, he hoped the meeting Lord George an hour hence would make no difference. Lord George said no; and then spoke as to seconds, informing the Governor, at the same time, that he had desired Mr. Townshend to attend him in that light. Governor Johnstone said there was little occasion for seconds, and that, therefore, Mr. Townshend should stand in that light, as to both of them. Governor Johnstone further said, that as he had at that time an open wound in his arm, and his legs very much swelled, he could wish they would use pistols; to which, Lord George saying it was equal to him what the weapons were, they separated, and Governor Johnstone returned to the committee.

"In this conference, as well as through the whole affair, both the gentlemen behaved with the greatest politeness to each other, as well as with the greatest courage.

"At the appointed hour, Lord George and Mr. Townshend were in the ring; and soon after, Governor Johnstone, accompanied by Sir James Lowther, whom he happened to meet on his way, and had requested to go with him. Lord George accosted Governor Johnstone, and desired he would mention the distance, declaring he was then upon his ground, and the governor might take what distance he pleased. The governor was taken back by the seconds about twenty small paces. The antagonists having prepared their pistols, Lord George called on the governor to fire, which the governor refused, saying, that as his lordship brought him there, he must fire first. Upon which Lord George fired, and then the governor. Neither of the shots took effect. Lord George then fired his second pistol, and as he was taking down his arm, the governor's second ball hit his lordship's pistol, broke some part of it, and one of the splinters grazed his lordship's hand. The seconds immediately interfered, and the affair ended. Governor Johnstone afterwards declared to his friends, that in all the affairs of the kind which he ever knew, or was ever concerned in, he never found a man behave with more courage and coolness than Lord George did on this occasion.

"This testimony of Governor Johnstone in favour of Lord George's courage is directly in unison with that of Lord Orford, who



knew him well in earlier life. The latter affirms, that he was endowed by nature with a high spirit, a high sense of honour, and undaunted courage. Can we then for a moment suppose that he would shrink from his natural propriety at the battle of Minden, when he had, previous to that event, been among the first to court danger in various other engagements? The tongue of malice is at all times a more formidable enemy than the cannon's mouth. The former inflicts a wound oftentimes incurable; the latter gives a man three chances: that of not injuring him at all, killing him on the spot, or giving him a wound that time is sure to heal.

"The tooth of malice never rankles more, Than when it bites, and healeth not the sore."

Sir James Lowther, who was Governor Johnstone's second, all readers of Junius must be well acquainted with. His being son-in-law to Lord Bute, was quite sufficient for Junius to take up the Duke of Portland's case, which is fully examined, 12th May, 1768. It had previously been discussed in the House of Commons, in the course of the debate on Sir George Saville's quieting bill, for which Lord George was a strong advocate.

Sir James formed part of the expedition to St. Malos, with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord George, to the latter of whom he had given offence. I cannot find that Sir James went out in any official capacity, but merely as a looker-on. Some imprudent observation might easily have given this umbrage. After the Nullum Tempus affair in 1768, he was not again noticed by Junius, until this duel had taken place, when the subject, which appeared fully at rest, was again resumed, to expose the litigious spirit of Sir James. The coincidence is not a little singular, although it was matter of no moment to Lord George who was the governor's second; nevertheless, it appears to have awakened recollections of former enmity.

That Mr. Coventry has made out a strong case in favour of Lord George Sackville is certain; but still we have our doubts, and these are in no degree lessened by the fact, that Lord George Sackville employed Cumberland to write his defence, which Junius surely could have no occasion for doing. Still, we say, Mr. Coventry has accumulated so much evidence for his client, that it will be difficult to refute it.

*The Art of preserving the Hair on philosophical Principles.* By the Author of the Art of Improving the Voice. 8vo. pp. 260. London, 1825. Prowett.

MONEY and Macalpine, avaunt! Rowland, dye with thy Macassar! Prince, keep thy Russian oil for Russian boors! and hide thy head, O Taylor! for the public will bear bear's grease no longer. Your 'occupation's gone;' the work before us has annihilated it; for every man may now become his own hair-preserver on philosophical principles, without intrusting it to your keeping. But, to speak seriously, this is a very elaborate treatise on the hair, in which its anatomy and physiology are scientifically analyzed and explained, and much useful information given with regard to the management of this

ornamental portion of the head. Before, however, we enter on the more practical part of the volume, we shall quote an historical account of the fashions of wearing the hair in France:—

'Before the establishment of the monarchy, the Gauls wore their hair very long; "and this custom," says Pliny, "gave the whole country the appellation of *Gallia comata*, or hairy Gaul;" but, on the foundation of the monarchy, the kings, desirous of having a distinctive mark of their pre-eminence, reserved the right of wearing long hair for themselves and the princes of the blood; their subjects were forbidden to wear long hair; and this custom continued till the twelfth century, when Pierre Lombard, Bishop of Paris, at length prevailed on the king to repeal this prohibition.

'The hair, during the early periods of the monarchy, was held in such veneration, that if it was designed to degrade a prince, his head was shaved. In this manner Clovis treated Curarie, whom he had conquered. The son of the king, involved in the same disgrace, said to his father, in order to comfort him: "My hair, which has been cut off, was nothing but green branches, which will grow again, for the trunk is not dead."

'At this time people swore by their hair; and this oath was as sacred as when now-a-days they swear by their honour. Traitors implicated in one and the same plot, were sentenced to cut off each other's hair. Fredegonde caused the hair of a mistress of her son-in-law to be cut off and hung up at the door of the prince's apartment: this proceeding was then considered as the height of barbarity. A very singular custom of those times likewise proves the great value that was set upon the hair: in saluting any one to whom it was intended to show the greatest respect, the highest compliment that could be paid was to pluck out a hair and present it to him. Historians relate that Clovis pulled a hair from his head, and gave it to St. Germer, to prove how highly he esteemed him; and that the courtiers, who witnessed this action of the monarch, were eager to pluck each of them a hair, and to present it to the virtuous bishop, who withdrew enchanted with the politeness of the court.

'Under the first dynasty, the French women wore their hair separated on the forehead, lightly curled on the temples, and again united in long flowing tresses. Such were the statues of the great personages of this period, which formerly decorated the portal of the church of St. German des Prés. There were seen Ultrogoth, and Clotilda, the wife of Clovis: the latter was remarkable for two long tresses, that descended to her shoulders, and were decorated with rings of pearls and other ornaments: the hair of the former waved in a graceful manner over his broad shoulders. This was also the fashion adopted by the beautiful and terrible Fredegonde, and by Bertrade, the wife of Clotaire II. Odelia, the daughter of a German prince, allowed to be seen, under her veil, her hair twisted in the form of a long cord. Hadwida, the wife of Gerard of Alsace, Duke of Lorraine, as

represented on her tomb, has her hair parted into two long tresses descending upon her bosom; a kind of small bonnet in form of the head, the only ornament being a tress of hair which surrounds it.

'Among the queens and princesses whose images are preserved by antique sculpture, all those that are celebrated for their piety are represented with their forehead covered by a veil, without any appearance of hair. The wives of Charlemagne, without entirely concealing the hair, set off their tresses, and allowed only a few thin curls to appear around the face. Richilda, the wife of Charles the Bald, raised her hair up in a bunch, and concealed its extremities under a kind of *toque*. Richarda, the wife of Charles le Gros, plaited and twisted the lower half of her hair, and raised them again on each side of her cheeks,—a fashion which was prevalent in the ninth and tenth centuries. The eleventh century was remarkable for the entire disappearance of the hair on the forehead, and the invention of *bouffets*, which in later times degenerated into *hennins*, or horns.

'Often than once, the church interposed its authority to prohibit or enjoin in France particular modes of dressing the hair; and sometimes long, and at other times short hair, excited the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities. The unhappy result is well known of the ill-judged piety of Louis VII., who, thinking his conscience interested in setting the example of submission to the reiterated ordinances of the bishops, had his hair cut short.

'At the end of the twelfth, and during the thirteenth century, fashion made a retrograde movement. Blanche of Castille resumed the head-dress of Clotilda, her hair waving about her temples, and her veil over her crown. Jeanne, the Countess of Toulouse, made some happy innovations: her hair, parted on the forehead, displayed her ears, and fell, *en tresse*, over her shoulders; and she wore a *chapel*, from which fell a very thin gauze. Her head-dress was very graceful; but the novelty did not last long, for the veil and the stomacher soon after concealed the hair, the head, and the graces of female beauty.

'The fourteenth century ushered in a morning of splendour. A lady, whose name, dear to the muses, is deservedly celebrated—Clemence Isaure, appeared, and drew forth her sex from the obscurity to which it had so long been condemned during the ages of ignorance and tyranny. A beautiful print of this lady, illustrating the head-dress of the times, is given by M. N. H. Jacob, in the *Collection du Miroir*. In spite of the evils which at this period desolated France, luxury made extraordinary progress. The vain and coquettish Isabelle de Baviere, invented the most extravagant fashions. By a strange perversion, or rather dereliction of all the harmony and principles of taste, she concealed her hair altogether, and displayed her shoulders and bosom. No graceful recollection is associated with the corrupted and unnatural taste of this extravagant queen. It was she who brought into fashion those head-dresses, so extravagant in form and ridiculous



in altitude, called horns, or *hennins*, the wearing of which kindled such zealous fury in the preachers of the time. Every body, says Paradin, a cotemporary author, was at this time very extravagant in dress, and that of the ladies' heads was particularly remarkable; for they wore on them prodigious caps, an ell or more in length, pointed like steeples, from the hinder part of which hung long crapes or rich fringes, like standards. These extravagant head dresses arose from the gradual enlargement of bonnets in form of a heart. The women, says Juvenal des Ursins, ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having on either side ears of such monstrous dimensions, that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them on. About this time the Carmelite Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns. They likewise wore hoods, strengthened in front with leather, and hoops of whalebone, to give them more consistency. Above this kind of funnel, figure to yourself a head surmounted with two huge horns, and pads with prodigious ears, and you will have a correct idea of the ladies of that age.

It must not be imagined, however, that this head-dress was worn generally, for we should think that then, as at present, the most ridiculous costumes were more especially adopted by those who courted distinction, and disfigured themselves in proportion to their rank and dignity; and if monuments have been handed down to us of many strange dresses, the reason is, that painters and sculptors usually perpetuate only the portraits of distinguished persons.

During this period, the sugar-loaf hats began to grow numerous, having veils fastened to them, which hung more or less low, according to the quality of the wearer. The fashion appears to have been first imported into France from England, the earliest monument in which, it appears, being a miniature in an ancient manuscript copy of Froissart, representing the entry of Isabel, Queen of England, and sister of Charles the Fair, into Paris. This princess is represented with a peaked head-dress of extraordinary height, trimmed with lace that floats in the air.

In emulation perhaps of Cenare, we find that another Carmelite, named Thomas Conecte, preached vehemently against the *hennins*; but, alas! the poor friar was ill requited for his zeal; for, six years afterwards, in 1440, he was burned alive at Rome as a heretic. "This preacher," says Paradin, "held the *hennins* in such abhorrence, that most of his sermons were directed against them; attacking them with the bitterest invectives, and launching out into the severest animadversions against those who wore them. Wherever brother Thomas went, the *hennins* durst not show themselves, on account of the hatred which he had sworn against them. This had an effect for the time, and till the preacher was gone; but, on his departure, the ladies resumed their horns, and followed the example of the snails, that, when they hear any noise, speedily draw in their horns, and, when the noise is passed, suddenly erect them to a greater length than before. Thus

did these ladies; for the *hennins* were never larger, more pompous, and more superb, than after the departure of brother Thomas." Such is the effect of warmly contending against prejudices.

Those high head-dresses rendered it necessary, at this period, to heighten the doorways, as they had been previously widened on account of the ears. They at length vanished, though only to make their appearance at other periods more ridiculous than ever. Becoming weary of head-dresses a yard high, they passed, as is commonly the case, from one extreme to another; and reduced them to such a degree, that the women appeared as though their heads were shaved.

Many of the advertising hair-operators pretend to give you an infallible depilatory for removing superfluous hairs: but our author honestly tells us that no external wash or application will destroy the hair, and leave the skin uninjured. Even if you pull the hair up by the roots, it will not avail, as there are thousands of roots ready to start through the skin, the moment room is made for them by pulling out their companions. The author, however, recommends the razor, and that very ungallantly, to the ladies, adding that 'it will seldom, in ordinary cases, be requisite to use it more than twice or thrice a week!' He is evidently not a married man, or he certainly would not suggest such means for enabling wives literally to *beard* their husbands.

On the subject of dyeing the hair, our author dilates at some length, cautioning against the dangerous methods, and giving the following very simple directions:—

'We think that the most useful hints on this subject may be derived from the scientific modes of dyeing woollens and silks of a black colour, as both of these are animal substances of similar chemical composition to the hair. We should recommend, therefore, to procure from the dyers a quantity of walnut-water, which is prepared by steeping for a year in water the green shells of walnuts, and with this to wash the hair, as the first part of the process: then to make an aromatic tincture of galls, by scenting the common tincture with any agreeable perfume, and with this to wet the hair, which must next be moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron.

'If this be properly done, we have no doubt that it will tinge the hair black or dark; but care must be taken not to let any of the substances touch the skin or the linen, as they will have a similar effect on these. It is most absurd, indeed, to pretend that any preparation will dye the hair and not tinge the skin, if applied to it; for the skin being of precisely the same chemical composition with the hair, it must be affected by the same chemical agents. The advertised nostrums, therefore, which are said to dye the hair, and not to discolour the skin or soil the linen, must be a gross imposition on the public.'

With respect to curling fluids we are told that—

'The liquids which are sold for the professed purpose of assisting in the curling of

the hair, are chiefly composed of either oily or alkaline substances; and perhaps you will find that the essence of soap, for which we have given the receipt above, is as good as any other. Any combination of potash or hartshorn with some of the aromatic oils, will answer every purpose of the most expensive curling fluid.

'Oils, if not put on too copiously, for this will destroy the effect intended, are the best preparations for keeping in the curls during moist or damp weather, or in ball-rooms and theatres, where they are exposed to moisture from perspiration and from the breath; because oil, when spread over the hair, prevents it from imbibing moisture, which will infallibly cause it to lose curl.'

The receipts for hair oils are very numerous, and embrace every variety; two of these we subjoin:—

'*Imperial Oil*.—Take a gallon of salad oil, and put it into a pipkin, with a bag containing four ounces of alkanet root, cut and bruised. Give the whole a good heat, but not a boiling one, until the oil is completely impregnated with the red colour; then pour the whole into a jar, let it stand till cold, and then add four ounces of essence of bergamot, four ounces of oil of jasmine, and three ounces of eau des mille fleurs. When properly mixed, put the compound liquid into small bottles for use.

'*Huiles Antiques*.—These oils, which are sold in considerable quantity, are chiefly composed of oil of ben, or behn nuts. The oil, like that of almonds, is made first by beating, and then sifting the behn nuts through a coarse wire sieve, and expressing them by means of a press. The nuts are imported from Italy, and are of various quality; but the oil differs from that of almonds, in being adapted to keep more years than the latter will months. Its principal excellence consists in its having no smell of its own, and consequently being ready to imbibe the odour of any perfume with which it may be combined.'

With directions for colouring the eye-lashes when too light, we conclude:—

'Dissolve in one ounce of distilled water, one drachm of sulphate of iron, add one ounce of gum-water, a tea-spoonful of Eau de Cologne. Mix, and after having wetted the eye-brows with the tincture of galls, apply the wash with a camel hair pencil.

'We shall here give another receipt of a different description; being a celebrated paste for darkening the eye-brows. Take an ounce of walnuts, an ounce of frankincense, an ounce of resin, an ounce of mastiche. Burn them all on clear red-hot charcoal, and receive the fumes into a funnel, in which a very fine black powder, slightly perfumed and unctuous, will adhere. Mix this with a little oil of myrtle, in a leaden mortar, and apply it to the eye-brows. This paste has the property of resisting both heat and perspiration; but it must be occasionally renewed. The following method may also be used:—Burn a clove in the flame of a wax candle, dip it in the juice or the rob of elderberries, and apply it to the eye-brows.'

We cannot certainly answer for any one of



these recipes, for we are content with our hair as nature and the civilest hair-dresser in London (for so Charles Lamb pronounces him to be) make it; but as they are evidently founded on chemical science, we have no doubt that they are the best that are known, and with that confidence recommend the work to the toilette of the British fair.

*A Natural History of the most remarkable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Reptiles, and Insects.* By MARY TRIMMER, Author of *The History of Man in a Savage and Civilized State, &c.* 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 480. London, 1825. Tegg.

THIS is really a very pretty little work: it contains a brief but correct description of all the most remarkable creatures of the animal world, neatly got up, and enriched with some three or four hundred engravings on wood, many of which would do no discredit to Bewick himself. Some of them are beautifully done, and are fine proofs of the rapid advancement which this country has made in the art of wood-engraving. There is a horse so natural as to be likely to make a Yorkshireman run the hazard of a halter to obtain it, and a sow which an Irishman would persuade himself he could hear grunt. It would be an act of injustice to the artist to conceal his name, which is Mr. S. Williams.

#### THE POOR MAN'S PETITION TO JAMES I.

WE have already noticed Mr. Nichols's truly interesting and highly curious work, the *Progresses, Processions, &c.* of James I., two numbers of which have just appeared. As we shall have many occasions for further remarks, as the work proceeds, we shall content ourselves for the present with quoting a single page, which we think will be deemed a curiosity. Though more than two centuries old, and though living under a prince the very reverse of King James, yet some of the prayers of the petition would not now be deemed inappropriate, particularly such as relate to the law's delay, the rapacity of lawyers, and the evils arising from the Chancery being made 'a common shifting-place to prolong causes for private gain.'

In Savile's Account of the King's Entertainment at Theobalds (p. 137), it is mentioned, that on the king's arrival there, "a petition was delivered him by a yong gentleman." The following singular production, whether the same I cannot determine, I have obtained from a MS. in the cathedral library at Exeter:—

"The Poore Man's Petition to the Kinge at Theobalds, the 17th of Aprill 1603\*.

"Good king, let there be an uniformitie in true religion, without any disturbance of Papist or Puritan.

"Good king, let good preachers be well provided for, and without any briberie come to their livings.

"Good king, let poore souldiers be paid ther wages whilst they be well employed, and well provided for when they are maymed.

"Good king, let their not be such delaie

\* This is probably the date of its composition, not its delivery. On the 17th of April the king was no further than York, and did not arrive at Theobalds until May 3.

and craftie proceedings in the lawe, and let lawiers have moderate fees. A poxe take the proude covetous attornie and merciles lawyer!

"Good king, let noe man have more offices than one; especially in the case or touching the lawe.

"Good king, let poore suitors be hard [heard] quietlie, and with speede dispatched favourably.

"Good king, let ordinarie causes be determined in the ordinarie courts, and let not the Chauncerie be made a common shifting place to prolong causes for private gaine.

"Good king, cut off those paltry licences and all monopolies. Fye upon all close byting knaverie!

"Good king, suffer noe great ordinance to be carried out of the realme to the enemies, as it hath been. A plague upon all covetous griping treasurers!

"Good king, looke to thy takers and officers of thy house, and to their exceeding fees, that peeple and powle thy princely allowance.

"Good king, let us not be oppressed with so manie impositions, powlings, and paiements.

"Good king, make not Lord of good Lincolne duke of Shorditch, for he is a, &c.

"Good king, make not Sir Walter Raleigh earl of Pancradge, for he is a, &c.

"Good king, love us and we will love thee, and we will spend our harts' blood for thee."

#### DESCRIPTION OF GIBRALTAR—HISTORY OF ITS CELEBRATED SIEGE.

[THE following interesting account of Gibraltar is copied from an excellent article in No. XX. of *The Oriental Herald*, just published, entitled *Unpublished Manuscripts of a Traveller in the East*.]—ED.

THE Bay of Gibraltar, in which we anchored, is safe and commodious, and though it has the Spanish towns of St. Roque on the north, and Algeziras on the west, it is so well commanded by the fortifications, as to make it perfectly secure for British vessels, even in time of war. The inner harbour is formed by two moles, projecting into the sea, making a kind of artificial basin. These are well planted with heavy cannon, and, like the whole of the fortifications on the rock, are bomb-proof. The landing-place is a spacious wharf, at the end of which is a regular town-gate, where sentries are posted to examine all who pass, and to prevent all persons from communicating with the town who are not provided with pratique, i.e. a license from the health-office of the port to land. The town itself is built at the foot of an immense mountain, anciently called Calpe, which, with Mount Abyla, on the African shore (now called Ape's Hill), formed the famous pillars of Hercules. This abrupt and mountainous mass, with great propriety called the Rock of Gibraltar, is computed to be one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and rises so steeply from its base to its summit on all sides, as to make it in many places perfectly perpendicular. It appears, at a little distance, one mass of solid rock, incapable of the least vegetation;

and the roads, which have been cut with great labour and expense, are invariably in zig-zag directions, as it would be literally impossible to ascend in a straight line. On the summit, there are two signal-posts and watch-towers, with a battery to each, to give alarm in case of danger: and in every part of this immense rock that is at all accessible to human tread, large caverns have been dug and port-holes opened through the sides, forming subterranean batteries, the elevation of which alone would prevent an enemy's fire from reaching them, while the same cause would enable them to pour destruction on the heads of their assailants. The principal part of these fortifications guard the narrow isthmus that connects the rock with the continent of Spain, and, opposing so formidable a front, renders it literally impregnable to the largest besieging force, nor could anything but treachery wrest it from the hands of its present possessors. I could not learn the exact number of cannon mounted, but heard it supposed to be nearly a thousand; and our precarious stay, added to the difficulty of obtaining official permission, prevented my seeing those stupendous efforts of military skill which the fortifications exhibit. About midway up the mountain, is an ancient Moorish castle, in a state of excellent preservation for its age, but being now converted into a military magazine, strangers cannot obtain admission. From the ships in the bay it has a good appearance, and looks like an octangular building of stone, which has a greyish cast, and is about the usual height and circumference of garrison citadels. From its commanding situation it must have been admirably well adapted to the purposes of a governor's residence, or a stronghold, during the Moorish wars with Spain.

The town of Gibraltar, stretching itself along the foot of the rock, and rising gradually from the shore, forms a kind of amphitheatre, and, from the bay, has a charming appearance. It is about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, allowing for its irregularities of shape, and is said to contain, independent of its garrison, about two thousand English, and nearly five thousand foreigners. The houses are, in general, well built, partaking partly of the English and partly of the Spanish style of architecture, calculated in every respect for the situation and climate. The public buildings are excellent, and the streets, though narrow, are well paved, and present an air of health and cleanliness not often to be met with in this part of the world. The language most in use is Spanish, but in this it may be called a modern Babel, for its inhabitants comprise nearly every nation, kindred, and tongue: English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Moors, Arabs, and Jews, with intermediate classes and divisions even of these. The French and English dress much the same as in their respective countries. The Spaniards assume an air of grandeur amidst their poverty that is truly ludicrous. Their people of distinction are attended by all the parade that can be imagined; and the clergy, in their monastic habits of humiliation, seem to look on the laity



as a race of inferior beings. In the middle ranks of society, there is something really interesting, particularly about the Spanish ladies. They possess, in general, elegantly proportioned figures, the effect of which is heightened by a majestic gait, in which they are said to excel every nation on the globe. Their complexion is a fine brunette; their features regular, with small lips and beautifully white teeth. They dress universally in black, with a scarf or hood thrown over the head, which covers the ears and neck, and falls carelessly over the shoulders; it is difficult to describe it with precision, yet its effect is highly interesting. There are, indeed, a thousand dangerous allurements in the beauties of an Andalusian woman, and something irresistibly bewitching in eyes full of fire and expression, that vivaciously sparkle from beneath a fine arched brow, negligently shaded by dark glossy tresses, and occasionally eclipsed by the seemingly accidental intervention of an elegant fan, the graceful exercise of which displays an arm that serves but to rivet admiration more firmly. They are, however, so piously attended by lynx-eyed governesses, maiden aunts, and human Cerberuses, that one can but silently admire and pity them. The lower orders of Spaniards here are composed chiefly of Andalusian peasants, who bring supplies to the garrison and town. They have preserved the costume of the age of Cervantes, and exactly resemble the peasantry of the oldest Spanish paintings. They wear high and short-quartered shoes of light brown leather, tied with a rose-knot of some gay-coloured ribbon; cotton or silk stockings (often in rags); velvet or leather breeches, the knees and flap finely worked with cord, round silver buttons hanging by a silver chain instead of an eye, and long open slits cut round the thigh, with a white lining underneath; a white calico shirt, open at the neck, and sometimes turning down over the shoulders with a frilled collar, like children at home; a jacket made of the same materials as the breeches, worked with cord, silver buttons and chain, and open slits round the arms; with a black velvet cap and feather, ornamented with tassels, not much unlike our college caps with the trenchers taken off. I was at first surprised to see persons of so low a rank in life wearing so expensive a dress, as I think it could not be made in England for less than £20 or £30; but I was told their wives and children in the country are employed in making them, and that one suit lasts them for many years, which I was ready to believe, from the thread-bare condition in which most of them appeared to be. The Portuguese and Italians dress as in their own countries. The Turks with much splendour of costume. The Greeks nearly the same, except in the colour of their turbans and slippers, to which they are restricted in their choice by their imperious masters. The Moors, great part of whom are blacks, wear also the Mohammedan dress, as they profess that religion. The Arabs, some of whom are Bedouins, or Wanderers of the Desert, having no fixed residence or habitation, are literally rolled up in a singular garment of white serge or stuff, large enough to make two pair

of sea blankets, wearing neither shirt, cap, nor shoes. And the Armenians and Barbary Jews, who are chiefly pedlars and porters, forming the lowest grade in the scale of this mixed multitude, and treated with indignity on all sides, are glad to cover their nakedness with any garment their precarious gains will allow them to procure, reserving to themselves no other distinction than that of shaving their heads, and wearing short beards, rigidly adhering to all the mortifications imposed by their creed.

After the conquest of Gibraltar from the Moors, it remained in the hands of the Spaniards until the year 1704, when it was taken by the English. The circumstance is thus related by Smollett, in his *Continuation of Hume's History*:—

‘On the 16th day of June, Sir George Rooke being joined by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, resolved to proceed up the Mediterranean in quest of the French fleet, which had sailed thither from Brest and which Rooke had actually discovered in the preceding month, on their voyage to Toulon. On the 17th day of July, the admirals called a council of war, in the road of Tetuan, when they resolved to make an attempt upon Gibraltar, which was but slenderly provided with a garrison. Thither they sailed; and on the 21st day of the same month, the Prince of Hesse landed on the isthmus with eighteen hundred marines. On summoning the governor to surrender, he was answered, that the place would be defended to the last extremity. Next day the admiral gave orders for cannonading the town. Perceiving that the enemy were driven from their fortifications at the South Mole Head, he commanded Captain Whitaker to arm all the boats, and assault that quarter. The Captains Hicks and Jumper, who happened to be nearest the Mole, immediately manned their pinnaces, and entered the fortifications sword in hand. The Spaniards sprung a mine, by which two lieutenants and about a hundred men were killed or wounded. Nevertheless, the two captains took possession of the platform, and kept their ground until they were sustained by Captain Whitaker and the rest of the seamen, who took, by storm, a redoubt betwixt the Mole and the town. The governor then capitulated, and the Prince of Hesse entered the place, amazed at the success of this attempt, considering the strength of the fortifications, which might have been defended by fifty men against a numerous army.’

By the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Spain, it was ceded by Philip to Queen Anne, with the island of Minorca, on condition that the inhabitants should enjoy their estates, and the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion.

In 1727 it was besieged. The trenches were opened before this fortress on the 11th day of February, by the Condé de las Torres, at the head of twenty thousand men. The place was well provided for a defence, and the old Earl of Portmore, who was at that time governor, embarked with a reinforcement from England, under convoy of a fleet commanded by Sir Charles Wager. He arrived at Gibraltar in the beginning of

April, where he landed the troops with ammunition and stores. At the same time five hundred men arrived from Minorca, making the garrison six thousand, who, being plentifully supplied with fresh provisions from the coast of Barbary, treated their besiegers with contempt.

In 1779, immediately succeeding the Spanish declaration of war, it was again closely invested; and though the Spanish batteries were not in a sufficient state of forwardness to annoy the garrison to any extent, they suffered much from a dreadful scarcity, the daily food of many being thistles, dandelions, &c. Admiral Rodney was, therefore, sent with a fleet of transports to its relief, and had been but a few days at sea before he captured a large fleet of frigates and transports, bound with supplies from St. Sebastian to Cadiz: and had scarcely adjusted the distribution of his prizes, when, off Cape St. Vincent, he fell in with a Spanish squadron, consisting of eleven sail of the line, and, after a brilliant action, captured three of seventy guns, and the admiral's ship of eighty, the whole of which he took to Gibraltar, and thus afforded them a seasonable relief. After his departure for the West Indies, the blockade was again renewed; but the Spaniards, under Don Barcelo, were defeated in an attempt to burn the English shipping in the harbour, and their plans, for the moment, rendered quite abortive.

In the mean time, the court of Spain, mortified at their repeated disappointments determined to make still greater exertions for the reduction of Gibraltar. Their works were carried on with more vigour than ever; and having, by experiment, found the inefficacy of a blockade, they resolved to try the effects of a bombardment. Their batteries were mounted with guns of the heaviest metal, and with mortars of the largest dimensions. These disgorged torrents of fire on a narrow isthmus; and it seemed, says Barlow, as if not only the works, but the rock itself, must have been overwhelmed, for all distinctions of parts were lost in flames and smoke. This cannonade continued day and night, almost incessantly, for three weeks, in every twenty-four hours of which, 100,000 lbs. of gunpowder were used, and between four and five thousand shot and shells went through the town. It then slackened, but was not intermitted for one whole day for upwards of twelve months. The fatigues of the garrison were extreme. The town itself was nearly destroyed; and such of the inhabitants as were not buried in the ruins of their houses, or torn to pieces by the shells, fled to the most remote parts of the rock; but destruction followed them to places which had always been deemed secure. No scene could be more deplorable. Mothers and children, clasped in each other's arms, were so completely torn to pieces, that it seemed more like an annihilation of their shattered fragments, than a dispersion of them; and even ladies of the greatest sensibility and most delicate constitutions, deemed themselves happy to be admitted to a few hours of repose in the barracks, amidst the noise of a crowded soldiery, and the groans of the



wounded and dying. At the first onset, General Elliott, the governor, retorted on the besiegers a shower of fire; but, foreseeing the difficulty of procuring supplies, he soon retrenched, and received with comparative unconcern, the fury and violence of his adversaries. By the latter end of the year, the besiegers had brought their works to that state of perfection which they intended. The care and ingenuity employed upon them were extraordinary. The best engineers of France and Spain had united their abilities, and both kingdoms were filled with sanguine expectations of success. In this juncture, when all Europe was in suspense concerning the fate of the garrison, and when, from the prodigious efforts made for its reduction, many believed that it could not hold out much longer, a sally was projected and executed, which, in about two hours, destroyed those works that had required so much time, labour, and skill to accomplish. A body of two thousand men, under General Ross, made an attack, under cover of the night, on the exterior front of their lines, when the Spaniards gave way on every side. Their magazines and works were blown up, their cannon spiked, and all demolished, with an inconsiderable loss in the detachment who accomplished it. This unexpected event disconcerted the besiegers; but they soon recovered from their alarm, and, with a perseverance peculiar to their nation, determined to prosecute the siege, more particularly as the reduction of Minorca had inspired them with fresh motives to exercise their indefatigable ardour and perseverance.

The Duke de Crillon, who had been recently successful in the siege of Minorca, was appointed to conduct the siege of Gibraltar; and it was resolved to employ the whole strength of the Spanish monarchy in seconding his operations. No means were neglected, or expense spared, that promised to forward the views of the besiegers. From the failure of all the plans hitherto adopted for effecting the reduction of Gibraltar, it was resolved to adopt new ones; and among the various projects for this purpose, one, which had been formed by the Chevalier d'Arcon, was deemed the most worthy of trial. This was, to construct such floating batteries as could neither be sunk nor fired; with this view their bottoms were made of the thickest timber, and their sides of wood and cork long soaked in water, with a large layer of wet sand between. To prevent the effect of red-hot balls, a number of pipes were contrived to carry water through every part of them, and pumps were provided to keep these constantly supplied with water. The people on board were to be sheltered from the fall of bombs by a cover of rop-netting, which was made sloping, and overlaid with wet hides. These floating batteries, ten in number, were made out of the keels of large vessels cut down for the purpose, and carried from ten to twenty-eight guns each, and were seconded by eighty large boats, mounted with guns of heavy metal, and also by a host of frigates, ships of force, and some hundreds of small craft.

General Elliott, the intrepid defender of

Gibraltar, was not ignorant that inventions of a peculiar kind were prepared against him, but he knew nothing of their construction. He nevertheless, provided for every circumstance of danger that could be foreseen or imagined. The day was fixed and publicly known when this grand attack was to be made; and the new-invented machines, with all the united powers of gunpowder and artillery in the highest state of improvement, were to be called into action. The combined fleets of France and Spain in the bay, amounted to about fifty sail of the line. Their batteries were covered with one hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy brass cannon, and the numbers employed by land and sea against this fortress were estimated at one hundred thousand men. With this force, and by the fire of three hundred heavy pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers, from the adjacent shore, it was intended to attack every part of the British works at one and the same instant. The surrounding hills were covered with people to behold the spectacle. The cannonade and bombardment was tremendous. The showers of shot and shells from the land-batteries and ships of the besiegers, and from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a most dreadful scene! Four hundred of the heaviest pieces of artillery were playing at the same moment, and the whole Peninsula seemed to be overwhelmed in the torrents of fire that were incessantly poured upon it. The Spanish floating-batteries, for some time, answered the expectations of their framers; for the heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, while thirty-two-pound shot made no visible impression upon their hulls. For some hours the attack and defence were so well conducted and equally supported, as to admit no appearance of superiority on either side. The construction of the battering-ships was so well calculated for withstanding the combined force of fire and artillery, that they seemed for some time to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the effects of red-hot shot became visible. At first there was only an appearance of smoke; but in the course of the night, after the garrison had continued firing fifteen hours, two of the floating-batteries were in flames, and several more were beginning to kindle. The opening of daylight disclosed a most dreadful spectacle! Many were seen in the midst of the flames crying out for help, while others were floating upon pieces of timber, exposed to equal danger from the opposite element; but the generous humanity of the victors equalled their valour, and was the more honourable, as the exertions of it exposed them to no less danger than those of active hostility. In endeavouring to save the lives of his enemies, Captain Curtis nearly lost his own: while, for the most benevolent purpose, he was alongside the floating-batteries, one of them blew up, and sunk his own boat; but he fortunately escaped to land upon some fragments of the wreck. By similar perilous exertions, nearly four hundred men were saved from destruction. The exercise of humanity to an enemy under such circumstances of immediate action

and impending danger, conferred more true honour than could be acquired by the most splendid series of victories. It, in some measure, obscured the impression made to the disadvantage of human nature, by the madness of mankind in destroying each other in wasteful wars!

The whole of the Spanish flotilla were thus destroyed; and very soon afterwards, Lord Howe, with thirty-five sail of the line, brought to the brave garrison an ample supply of everything they needed, either for their support or their defence; since which, they have remained in undisturbed possession of the Rock, which their valour so ably defended.

#### ORIGINAL.

MR. MARTIN AND HIS RIDICULERS.

MUCH allowance is, doubtlessly, to be made for that kind of party feeling and spirit of discussion among us that converts every subject, at all debateable, into a kind of newspaper-war and a contest; yet there are certain points upon which it might be supposed every one would agree, or from which they would at least have the grace to *seem* not to dissent. To us, therefore, the cold-hearted ridicule and sneers, and the malignant obloquy, with which Mr. Martin has been assailed, for attempting to repress cruelty towards animals, appear to reflect very little credit on those who have indulged in it. We would, indeed, much rather that there was no occasion for any interference, on the part of the legislature, to restrain from the commission of barbarities from which the mere feelings of humanity, setting religion entirely aside, should withhold every one: but, since experience too fatally convinces us that there are wretches who seem to delight in inflicting torture and agony upon the unfortunate animals who are the victims of their caprice and their tyranny, surely no one can censure the legislature for attempting to check that spirit of cruelty, which, if indulged in, renders man not only a merciless tyrant towards the animal creation, but to his fellow-man: and, did not a similar experience prove the contrary, we should think it utterly impossible that any one who can hold a pen should employ it to vindicate cruelty, or to scoff at those who would rescue any portion of the animal race from suffering. 'What!' exclaim these amiable gentlemen, 'are we to reserve all our sympathies and sensibilities for horses, and dogs, and cats? Might we not be better employed in seeking to mitigate the mass of human misery and misfortune?—or are we to satisfy ourselves with legislating for horses—with declaiming against bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and cock-throwing, without bestowing a single thought on so many other animals daily tortured by man? Next, perhaps, we shall be forbidden to skin eels, boil lobsters, or set traps for vermin. Angling is a barbarous sport, yet will you enact penal statutes against the followers of the gentle Isaac Walton? If cock-fighting is cruel, so is hare-hunting, stag-hunting, partridge-shooting, snipe-shooting; yet will you tolerate these, or even pronounce the name of the *reverend* author of Rural Sports without an anathema?"

By these  
ments the  
endeavour  
forts of th  
have the p  
ignorant, a  
on their si  
possibility  
mal creati  
most huma  
is idle, an  
to relieve  
not protec  
that it is a  
manity, to  
But wh  
reasoning  
possible t  
suffering  
race, sho  
be made  
decree of  
Turkey, w  
ourselves  
sands of  
tims. W  
mane arg  
injustice  
rating a  
we ourse  
at our la  
famished  
ly had a  
evidently  
to a goo  
should no  
Why sho  
allowed  
fighting,  
his cour  
cry alway  
first, an  
gaming i  
ent, ther  
life. The  
life; sha  
to be a  
good, li  
the peop  
should h  
paigne o  
rate you  
or becau  
charitabl  
end at c  
among y  
big-belli  
service,  
consiste  
titia ru  
but one  
practica  
lustratio  
ten per  
carry hi  
because  
tempt t  
entertain  
equity.  
Mais  
howeve  
and par  
asked,



By these and similar arguments, if arguments they can be called, do such persons endeavour to overwhelm with ridicule the efforts of the humane, well knowing that they have the passions and the prejudices of the ignorant, and thoughtless, and unprincipled, on their side. They point out the utter impossibility of rescuing every part of the animal creation from suffering, and therefore most humanely and most wisely infer, that it is idle, and useless, and absurd, to attempt to relieve any. 'Do what you will, you cannot protect all; therefore our wisdom tells us that it is all mere cant, and affectation of humanity, to protect any!'

But what should we say to any one who, reasoning similarly, viz., that it is utterly impossible to remove all physical and moral suffering and degradation from the human race, should maintain that no effort should be made to counteract what seems to be a decree of Nature? If the plague rages in Turkey, we ought not to attempt to keep from ourselves an infliction to which so many thousands of our fellow-creatures are falling victims. Were we to say to one of those humane arguers, who are so scandalized at the injustice and inconsistency of our commiserating a poor cart-horse or donkey, when we ourselves, perhaps, have eaten lobsters at our last dinner, 'There are many poor famished wretches who have this day hardly had a crust of dry bread; it is, therefore, evidently unjust that you should sit down to a good dinner,'—we apprehend that we should not receive the most courteous reply. Why should not a ruffianly populace be allowed to enjoy bull-baiting and cock-fighting, as well as a country gentleman his coursing, hunting, and shooting? The cry always is, Let the rich reform themselves first, and the poor afterwards. There is gaming in high life: to be just and consistent, therefore, we ought to tolerate it in low life. There is also profligacy enough in high life; shall we therefore say that there ought to be as much in low? Supposing, now, good, liberal Mr. Advocate for the rights of the people and the lower orders, you yourself should have indulged rather freely with champagne one night, would you, therefore, tolerate your footman's getting fuddled the next; or because, unfortunately, you cannot, as we charitably presume you wish to do, put an end at once to all intriguing and dissipation among your superiors, would you suffer a big-bellied housemaid to continue in your service, as a proof of your liberality and your consistency? We apprehend not. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* is a very admirable maxim, but one that is attended with considerable practical difficulties. By way of further illustration, we will suppose that a man sees ten persons drowning; shall he, therefore, carry his love of justice to such a pitch, that, because he cannot rescue all, he will not attempt to save one? Some persons seem to entertain rather singular notions of moral equity.

*Mais revenons à nos moutons*—not exactly, however, to our sheep, but to our stags, hares, and partridges. Has Mr. Martin, it may be asked, no commiseration for them? We

dare say he has, but he is hardly so Quixotic as to attempt redress where none is to be obtained: yet that does not render him less entitled to commendation for what he has actually done. Although, what he has accomplished be but comparatively small, it is still something, and something that entitles him to the thanks of every humane man. To discuss the barbarity of field sports would be to enter upon a subject for which we have now no room, we must, therefore, content ourselves with merely remarking, that they have at least this palliation,—they contribute to health, and bestow a certain energy of spirits and of mind; whereas, seeing animals tear each other to pieces, tends only to harden and deprave the mind; the latter sport, too, leads almost invariably to low gambling, swindling, and profligacy. Those who indulge it, whatever be their rank, must come in contact—perhaps associate with ferocious ruffians and blackguards, and listen to the execrations of wretches as destitute of manners as they are of principle.

*Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.*

ON MILTON'S WORK—POLYGAMY, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—Nothing could be further from my intention than to interrupt my solitary meditations on the banks of the Dove, in the romantic dale which bears its name, or the wild scenery through which it wanders, by writing letters; but your last two numbers compel me to it. You London people are by no means aware, when you bring hidden treasures to light, or disseminate new doctrines with grand old names, what a mighty fermentation you may be raising in obscure corners of the earth never taken into your reckoning. You know not the truth or extent of that doctrine—'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and can therefore form no idea of the power of a few of your own pages, as extracts from the work of so great a man as Milton, at a time when he is, as a Christian divine, garnishing his page with texts of scripture, and apparently in such downright, conscientious, good earnest, and so deeply informed on his subject. Why, my good sir, every man hereabouts concludes all he says to be right, from the squire of the parish to the blacksmith, who can give a reason, between every stroke of his hammer, why he should take to wives the maid of the Dog and Partridge, Sally Glossop, the miner's daughter, and the old widow at the mill, whose substance might help to maintain them all.

Nor is the second grand proposition, that of abolishing the Sabbath, less warmly canvassed. Sunday is, in the opinion of many, the best day for bear-baiting, which is the favorite amusement in many parts of Derbyshire; and the damsels, who are all much alarmed and extremely wroth at the idea of being so shent in the article of husbands, maintain 'that Squire Milton had a good notion of a day for a dance or a fair.' The higher orders are all reasoning on the probability of these liberal ideas being acted upon in this enlightened age, and conclude that nothing less than a conviction of the utility of the work could have induced their benevo-

lent sovereign and his reverend librarian to rescue the great poet's work from its long slumber, and send it into the world in this season of peace and prosperity.

'Since,' say they, 'war must abound in the latter times, and national war is now at rest, no substitute for its stimulating energies can be found more likely to answer that purpose than domestic warfare, which will undoubtedly be called into immediate action so soon as this agreeable and novel system shall be acted upon. Women are not sufficiently enlightened, nor have they such religious meekness as to see the propriety of the system in the first instance, or submit to it with due deference in the second. Heroic must be the spirit, and persevering the courage, of him who first adventures to take the most unexceptionable bride into the house of his wife, and claim for her due observances. Young ladies, whose minds combine Amazonian strength with the humility imputed alone to patient Grizzle, are the only persons, we apprehend, who ought to make the experiment.'

As it is universally concluded, from that self-evident restriction to the plan of polygamy furnished by poverty, that the comfort of many wives, and many contentions, must be the especial boon of the rich, some of the good folks here conclude that a nobleman's wives will be according to his titles, the first taking precedence of the rest, an idea which I certainly think very good, since it strikes me that priority of marriage should give the highest rank. Nevertheless, should a youth of high quality take a humble maiden in the first instance, and the branch of a noble house in the second, one may readily conceive no few bickerings will arise between the descendants of each, and the little lord's plebeian blood be very sufficiently thrown in his teeth as a balance to his rights of primogeniture. Or if, in the dotage of life, a system the reverse should be practised, how many airs may be played off by the new-made aristocrat, in balancing her youth and beauty against the rank and established importance of her predecessors. What envious heart-burnings, what severe inuendoes, what delicate sneers, or indelicate reproaches, may be daily supposed to pass even at the highest tables, when the duchess perceived that the marchioness was presuming to look bigger than herself, and the young baroness was dressed out in such diamonds as she could never compass; and what coalitions would the three hitherto inveterate enemies form, on learning that preparations were making for a fourth! What battles in the nursery! What bickerings at the breakfast-table! What lectures in the chamber! 'Tis true, authority can settle all disputes; probably a Turkish harem contains a very agreeable, polite, rational party of ladies, each making the amiable to the other, so long as the feelings of the mother are quiescent; but, alas! no longer; for to her ambition for her child, any more than her love for it, there is no end: and the secret injury, the illiberal taunt, the malignant report, perhaps the murderous potion, would not fail to spread in every direction through a family so situated, and turn the



hours of such a paradise into demons, at once suffering and tormenting.

From jealousy I consider the females of such an establishment would be for the most part free, for, as it would consist of women who, however distinguished by birth and merit, must be inherently slaves, it is hardly likely that they should love their lords, and jealousy, except of rank and power, they might be tolerably free from; and, by the same rule, capable of esteeming each other to a certain degree. That passion, however, which they did not feel, they would inspire, and the possessor of many wives might look round in vain for one heart, one friend. The lawyer in the neighbouring town (who naturally enough approves a scheme which would produce suits without end) suggests the idea, that a man would find delight in the beauty of one wife, satisfaction in the intelligence of another, and comfort in the tenderness of a third; but for my own part, Mr. Editor, I confess that I can form no idea of this species of threefold pleasure and consolation. That man is by nature inconstant and vain, that the first prompts him to run after new objects of attraction, the second to tempt others to consider himself such object, there is no denying; but yet few men desire to be charmed or cherished by more than one at a time, and as 'a house divided against a house cannot stand,' so an affection cut into such shreds and parings can never be consolidated sufficiently to satisfy the husband himself, if he is a man capable of loving; to say nothing of the women, whose happiness is, of course, utterly out of the question—the whole system is debasing to them, and places them on a level with the brutes.

It is amusing, yet painful, to see how far selfish feelings or an absurd devotion to any favorite system, can pervert the better judgment of even great and good men. That Milton entered upon this disquisition, and took this side of the subject, in consequence of his own unhappy differences with his wife, will, I apprehend, admit of no doubt in the minds of those acquainted with his biography. That his assertions are true, respecting the state of the eastern world, both in old and present times, admits no doubt; but his conclusions as to the justifiableness of Christian polygamy have a very insufficient basis, for it must be evident to all, that the *spirit*, if not the *letter*, of the Christian code, is decidedly against him. At the time of our Lord's appearance, the civilized world did not use polygamy, nor does one instance occur in the New Testament where mention is made of two wives, of course the custom is not commented upon. It is known, that where, among the early converts, this system had obtained, it was deemed by the primitive church a man's duty to retain his wives, but not permitted him, by any means, to take a second, if already in possession of one. It also appears plain to me, that by the term, 'the husband of one wife,' St. Paul implied a man who had only married *once*, even though he were a widower, since in speaking of widows he makes precisely the same distinction, of course this part of the inference leads to no such conclusion as he has drawn.

The very spirit of Christianity, in its ordinances, moralities, and, above all, in the clear views of immortality it opened alike to man and woman, as creatures alike sunk in sin and misery, yet capable of virtue and glory, by making woman the companion, friend, and equal partner of man,—raises her to the dignity of being a wife in its long-accepted sense. Many modifications of the state may be admitted, and many cases alleged, in which individual hardships may be experienced, from the impossibility of raising a second wife to the seat of the first—for I have myself known a painful instance of it; but what are a few isolated instances, opposed to the purity, utility, and happiness, of a system which gives to every man an object for his affections, whilst it restrains his passions, and provides for all that is earthly and that is heavenly in his composition—gives him a friend whose interest, being inevitably connected with his own, is alike secured by the generosity of love and the prudence of common interest—one who, destined to the same high fate as the heir of eternity, is worthy of the same cultivation, capable (in the general sense of the word) of being imbued with the same knowledge, and inspired by the same hopes, sentiments, and imagination; and who, in so far as she is inferior, ensures his tenderness, but never excites his contempt? As a Christian, man 'honours his wife,' for he holds her as bought by the same price—taught by the same spirit as himself; but this especial estimation, given as to one who is a 'mother in Israel'—a 'sister in Christ,'—Milton himself could never, for one moment, affect to believe any man could give to a dozen. The very moment we congregate women in our ideas, whether as wives or concubines, all that is high and sacred in their character and destination vanishes,—they are beautiful animals, claiming our protection and admiration; but they are no longer dignified in our eyes as 'holy women,' or even as fond faithful wives, wise friends, and meet instructors of our children: these ideas apply only to the *one* woman who has become a part of our very being—the 'wife of our bosom.'

Nor would it be difficult to prove, even from the Old Testament, that polygamy was rather permitted than approved, even where the infancy of the world furnished a ready reason for its adoption. Adam, the father of men, had but one wife. Abraham was so fondly attached to the childless Sarah, that he took no concubine until she entreated him; and it was not till long after the days of his mourning were ended that he married again. Only one wife was provided for Isaac, although he was the sole root from whence a great nation was to spring; and Ishmael is placed on the same footing, for 'his mother took him a wife (not wives) from the land of Egypt;' and for the marriage of Moses to a second wife strong reasons may be assigned; and, however true the fact is that a multitude of women were kept as a part of the kingly retinue, yet there is much, even in the earlier development of God's will, tending to prove that abstinence in this respect was a virtue; and the history of Jacob exhibits no tempting

picture of domestic society, though a very faithful one under such circumstances as Milton advocates.

'Many things are lawful,' says St. Paul, 'which are not expedient;' and, if some persons should consider the casuistry of our great epic poet decisive in proving the first part of the case, I am persuaded they must yet allow the *conclusion* to be decisive against it; but it will be sufficient for the young and unvitiated mind, to consider the cause as Milton versus Milton, by repeating his magnificent burst of poetry and passion,—

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, &c.—And ask whether common sense and good feeling, even without the aids of a pure religion, would not decide in favour of the poet Milton, against the theological controversialist Milton.

Trusting that you and I, Mr. Editor, shall each remain the husband of *one* wife, I am your's, sincerely, JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.  
Dovedale, Aug. 2.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THREE BRITISH RELIGIOUS POETS.

THREE poets, in one age, one land, were born,  
And with their verse Britannia's isle adorn:  
Sublime and beautiful, with humorous vein,  
COWPER enchanted with his pious strain.  
MONTGOMERY came, in sweet and sacred mood,  
His theme was love, 'The World before the Flood'

Then BERNARD BARTON join'd the tuneful choir,  
And poured sweet numbers from affection's lyre.

Long ages passed, before poetic flame  
From Greece, through Rome, to our own Milton came;  
But here three poets are at once preferred  
To claims of which, nor Greece, nor Rome, had heard,  
Nor can we think they e'er will be surpassed,  
'Till heaven's own harpings fill our ears at last.\* J. P.

### TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I AM thy friend—oh, think on this—  
But not whilst millions court thee,  
Whilst sparkles high the cup of bliss,  
And powerful ones support thee:  
May no harsh thought of *me* intrude,  
When soft allurements woo thee,  
To darken, with a shade so rude,  
The phantoms which pursue thee!  
A thousand heads around thee bow,—  
A thousand welcomes meet thee,—  
A thousand smiles salute thee now,—  
And countless friendships greet thee;—  
The flush of health is on thy cheek,  
The hopes of manhood fire thee;  
And through thine orbs of lightning break,  
The high thoughts which inspire thee.  
The meed of Genius decks thy brow,  
And Fame's loud trumpets laud thee;  
Thy youthful pulse beats high, for thou  
Behold'st a world applaud thee;  
But, wert thou sick, or sad, or lorn,  
Would that gay world befriended thee?  
Ah! no; 'twould turn in silent scorn,  
Should Fate's dark clouds attend thee!  
But I will stand, like a rock in the sea,  
Whilst the tempest sweeps above thee;

\* We differ from J. P., who has indulged freely in poetical license, in his praise of Bernard Barton.—Ed.

And th  
Shall  
There's  
A br  
That  
No h  
More d  
Than  
The pa  
More  
I am th  
Whe  
When  
And  
London

HAYMA  
called Q  
theatre la  
from Say  
consists  
cerity an  
the oddit  
the Impe  
ways any  
ry Dartfo  
has been  
(Mrs. D  
Rosemon  
(Miss P  
Henry  
(Mrs. G  
lity of h  
arrives a  
other dra  
Sir Harr  
and enga  
a secret  
enrages  
but is, n  
writes a  
with Ma  
Rosemon  
The ass  
then dis  
reconcile  
tified w  
conclude  
The hun  
the depe  
Leech (J  
thing sai  
her 'toa  
of this  
tone, ma  
less, and  
ter of S  
well pla  
is not an  
atres, th  
a space  
Mr. C.  
in the ve  
no equa  
same co  
prised i  
would a  
gave a  
virtuous  
cruel ne  
daughte  
of winni



And thy tristful heart, as it clings to me,  
 Shall feel how much I love thee:  
 There's not, on this cold selfish earth,  
 A breast where love is brighter;  
 That trembling flower, of heavenly birth,  
 No lily of earth is whiter.  
 More dear that languid orb of thine,  
 Than others' smiles of gladness,  
 The paleness of thy brow divine,  
 More heavenly in its sadness.  
 I am thy friend!—Oh! turn to me  
 When Sorrow's mists o'ertake thee,  
 When ills of earth encompass thee,  
 And heartless crowds forsake thee!  
 London, 1825. M. G. LEWIS.

### THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—A new comedy, called *Quite Correct*, was produced at this theatre last week: it is in three acts, is taken from Sayings and Doings, and its interest consists principally in its satire on the insincerity and levity of fashionable life, and in the oddities of Grojan (Liston), the keeper of the Imperial Hotel, at Brighton, who is always anxious to be 'quite correct.' Sir Harry Dartford (Mr. Vining), a fashionable rake, has been many years separated from his wife (Mrs. Davison), who assumes the name of Rosemore, and who has a daughter, Maria (Miss P. Glover), whose hand is solicited by Henry Milford. Lady Almeria Milford (Mrs. Glover) having heard of the probability of her son forming an obscure alliance, arrives at Grojan's hotel at the time all the other *dramatis personæ* are there assembled. Sir Harry reviles the whole of female society, and engages, unknown and unseen, to obtain a secret meeting with Milford's idol, which enrages Milford, and nearly produces a duel, but is, nevertheless, consented to. Sir Harry writes accordingly, soliciting an interview with Maria, which, with the sanction of Mrs. Rosemore, is fixed for seven in the evening. The assignation is duly kept: Sir Harry then discovers his daughter, and becomes reconciled to his wife; Lady Milford is satisfied with her son's choice; and the whole concludes to the happiness of all concerned. The humour of the piece is heightened by the dependant friend of Lady Milford, Miss Leech (Mrs. W. Clifford), who echoes everything said by her ladyship, and is nick-named her 'toad-eater.' The quaintness and satire of this character were admirably hit off, in tone, manner, and dress. The duelling, reckless, and fashionable gentleman—the character of Sir Harry Dartford, was remarkably well played by Mr. Vining, than whom there is not an actor, in the whole circle of the theatres, that has improved so much in so short a space of time: we remember to have seen Mr. C. Kemble, many years past, so *gauche* in the very characters in which he has now no equal, that he can scarcely be deemed the same comedian; and we should not be surprised if, in a short time, a like remark would apply to Mr. Vining. Mrs. Davison gave a good picture of the forbearance of virtuous female affection suffering under the cruel neglect of a rakehell husband; but her daughter wanted the simplicity and softness of winning innocence that is so congenial to,

and so easily recognised by, correct feeling. Liston's character is not so grotesque as those which generally devolve to him; but his desire to be 'quite correct' does not prevent the making of double entendres, somewhat more coarse than are generally admitted into modern dramas. However, the piece, being smartly written, and well acted, was well received, which may enable the managers to abate the repetition of some of the stupid stock pieces, viz., *Frightened to Death*, &c.

**ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.**—The opera of *Der Freischutz*, which was first and best dramatised at this theatre, was performed on Monday night, when Braham and Miss Paton made their first appearance this season, in the characters of Rodolph and Agnes, which they sustained with their accustomed excellence. A new afterpiece followed, entitled *Who's at Home? or, Man and Wife before Marriage*. It can boast of little dramatic merit; but there was some good acting by Miss Kelly, and her pupil, Miss Gray, and Wrench, and it has been performed every evening since.

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
July 29	62	73	56	30 18	Fair.
.... 30	62	71	61	.. 18	Do.
.... 31	64	76	66	29 99	Do.
Aug 1	66	82	73	30 02	Do.
.... 2	70	69	66	.. 01	Showery.
.... 3	63	70	64	29 97	Fair.
.... 4	66	68	60	.. 57	Showery.

### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

**MR. C. A. ELTON**, author of *Specimens of the Classic Poets*, &c., has in the press, *A History of the Roman Emperors*, from the Accession of Augustus to the Fall of the last Constantine.

A new and considerably improved edition of the Rev. G. N. Wright's *Guide to Dublin*, is nearly ready for publication. Among other additions, it will contain an account of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting; with an enlarged account of the Dublin Society, and the contents of its gallery of statuary, and museum, together with additional collections of pictures, &c.

Among the number of joint-stock associations which the spirit of speculation still continues to pour upon the world, with the view in many cases of deluding the unwary public, some few have been brought forward with objects so undeniably laudable, and likely to prove ultimately so beneficial, that those even who have hitherto been the greatest enemies to institutions of this form, will scarcely withhold their approbation. One of this kind has been announced in the course of the last fortnight, under the title of *The British Invention and Discovery Company*. It is somewhat similar in its nature to *The Société de l'Industrie* at Paris, the establishment of which has recently created so much sensation, except that the latter seems rather to have adapted itself to the backward state of manufactures in France, whereas the

object of this is to afford the authors of all useful inventions assistance in overcoming the obstacles that at present stand in their way, to open the most extensive field for judicious experiment, to correct and apply the designs of those whose attention is beneficially directed, and to prevent the mere projector from wasting his time in delusive speculations. It will be, as it were, a common fund, to which the artizan may have recourse, to afford him the means of turning his genius to practical and profitable account, and to which he will return from his ultimate profits an adequate compensation for the risk; and if the mechanical classes themselves become its chief proprietors, as it is to be hoped they will, it will in fact, be nothing more than an extensive association among themselves, for the purpose of mutual assistance. We look forward with great interest to the period when it shall commence active operations. Its establishment will be a new and most important era in the history of the arts; and if it is conducted on the public principles which it professes at its outset, it must be attended with the most beneficial results, not only to the mechanical and scientific classes, but to the public and the world. Were its only effect to prevent so much money from being daily wasted in taking out patents for designs, which are impracticable or already in existence, we should hail it as one of the most meritorious establishments of the present day.

**New Crane and Clock.**—On Friday, the 29th ult., Dr. Birkbeck delivered the first lecture at the new theatre, as the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institution is affectedly called: the subject was, *The general principles of mechanical science*. In the course of his lecture, the doctor stated that there was one combination of power, lately arrived in this country, which was completely original, and wonderfully effective. It was the invention of Mr. Dier, a watchmaker in Boston (America). The patent by which he means to secure his great invention is not yet extended to France, which makes some caution in its illustration necessary; but enough could be exhibited to show that it was scarcely possible to imagine that any machine could be constructed, more simple, or more powerful, in equal space. Mr. Dier, the inventor, had applied his contrivance to his own art in clock-making, and had, by its means, constructed clocks, with but three wheels, which, with a very small motive-power, went for twelve months without winding up. The doctor here exhibited one of the clocks, and also one of the machines for raising heavy weights, which consisted of a single wheel, of six inches diameter, on a barrel, round which a chain, to which the weight was suspended, was fastened. The wheel had on its periphery fourteen leaves, placed obliquely, which worked in a spiral groove in a parallel arbour or spindle, which was turned by a handle, and, communicating motion to the wheel, and, by consequence, to the barrel on which the chain was wound, raised the weight. Four pounds on the handle of the spindle balanced five hundred pounds at the end of the chain, and eight pounds on the



handle completely raised the five hundred pounds.

On Tuesday last, the steam-vessel called the *Enterprise*, left the Thames for the Ganges. Her burden is 500 tons. She has two sixty-horse power engines. The boilers, which are made of copper, extend across the ship, with seven furnaces, each seven feet in depth. Although the *Enterprise* will make use of her sails when the wind permits, she will rely principally on her steam, and for this purpose she takes out not less than 300 tons of coals. The coals are partly contained in chambers, within the sides of the vessel, covered with sheet-iron, and partly in tanks beneath; which, as they are emptied of coals, will be filled with water to keep the vessel properly ballasted. The cabins, of which there are twenty, are furnished with every convenience.

### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.  
IMPROMPTU.

*The Shaver and the Shavee, both Fined for Sabbath-Breaking.*

LONG beards, long faces, and long pray'rs,  
Distinguish Saints from Sinners:  
But chins might better lose their hairs,  
Than barbers lack their dinners.

Barbers, arise! your rights maintain;  
— And tell those canting knaves,  
Their preachers wish the pence to gain,  
For which the barber shaves. A SINNER

*Elephant-Fights.*—Mr. Gibson, the missionary, gives the following account of a mock-fight he witnessed in Cochinchina in August last:—“A mock-fight was represented. The elephants, sixty in number, charged a fence made of fascines and branches of trees, and defended by a line of soldiers discharging rockets and small arms. The elephants broke through it, and pursued those who defended it until stopped by the riders. Good order and discipline were preserved, and the commands for advance and retreat given by trumpets and beat of drum. Another species of mock-fight was afterwards exhibited. The elephants were made to attack, two and two, the effigy of a lion or tiger spitting fire, and accompanied by many soldiers discharging fire-arms. Very few of the elephants ventured to attack this object, but, in spite of all the efforts of the riders, ran away. One of the conductors received twenty blows on the spot for not doing his duty. His excellency made his favourite elephant go through his exercise. The animal knelt, inclined his head, and made us an obeisance. He is thirty-seven years old, and the governor has had him twenty-five years.”

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Hand in Hand Gentility Club in our next. We have also the promise of a ramble by Asmodeus.

Candour surely cannot expect us to interfere in the portentous dispute waging between the editor of *Longuevanne's* *Cunynge Advertiser* and Mr. T. Clerc Smith about *two pence*. The gentlemen had better refer it to some umpire.

*Works published since our last notice.*—Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Bentham's *Indications respecting Lord Eldon*, 3s.—Edwards's *Letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey*, 3s. 6d.—*The Maid of the Greek Isles*, foolscap, 3s. 6d.—*The Complete Servant*, 7s. 6d.—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, by Lewis, two vols. 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Napier's *Statistical Account of the Island of Cefalonia*, plates, 7s. 6d.—*Wrongon's Imprisonment and Delays in Trials in Scotland*, 2s. 6d.

### THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical

Lady and Ten other Automaton, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £16,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 8vo. price 36s. boards,

A HISTORY of the FRENCH REVOLUTION; accompanied by a History of the Revolution of 1335, or of the States-General under King John. By A. THIERS and FELIX BODIN.  
Translated from the French.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

### FOR ALL FAMILIES.

In 12mo. price 7s. 6d. in boards,

THE COMPLETE SERVANT; being an Exposition of the Duties and Daily Business of every Description of MALE and FEMALE SERVANTS, with Plain Directions and Receipts for performing them; together with the Laws relative to Masters and Servants, Useful Tables, &c. &c.

By SAMUEL and SARAH ADAMS.

Fifty years Servants in various Families.

This practical Work comprehends every variety of Servants of both sexes, especially

The Land-Steward,	The Housekeeper,
The House-Steward,	The Lady's-Maid,
The Bailiff,	The Cook,
The Butler,	The Housemaid,
The Valet,	The Laundry-Maid,
The Coachman,	The Dairy-Maid,
The Footman,	The Nurse,
The Groom,	The Maid-of-all-Work,
The Porter, &c. &c.	&c. &c. &c.

London: printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row; and to be had of all Booksellers.

Just published, by Martin Bossange and Co., 14, Great Marlborough Street, and Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, in one thick vol. 8vo. price 12s.

NAPOLEON and the GRAND ARMY in RUSSIA; or, a Critical Examination of the Work of M. le Comte Ph. de Ségur.

By GENERAL GOURGAUD,

Late principal Orderly Officer and Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor Napoleon.

This Work has created a most extraordinary sensation in Paris, so much so that it occasioned a duel between the parties.

### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED,

By WILLIAM COLE, 10, Newgate Street, London.

1. THE LITTLE LEXICON; or, Multum in Parvo of the English Language; containing upwards of 2000 Words more than are usually found in Abridgments of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Royal 72mo. boards, 6s.; neatly bound 7s. 6d.; with tuck 8s.; morocco gilt 8s. 6d.; ditto, with tuck, 9s.; ditto, with lock, 9s. 6d. printed in a beautifully clear and legible type, and measuring less than 3 inches by 2.

“If this volume is small enough to be called a toy (for it is about the length of ‘the fore-finger of an alderman,’) it is well enough done to be thought a very useful Abridgment of Dr. Johnson's great Dictionary. My Lady may pop the Lexicon into her reticule, and take a peep unknown to any body, when necessary; and my Lord may consult ‘Multum in Parvo,’ without suspicion, even in the House of Peers.”—*Literary Gazette*, No. 435.

2. COLE'S IMPROVED ABRIDGMENT of Dr. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY; containing a great number of Words not to be found in any former Edition; a very copious Chronological Table; Latin,

French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases; and many other useful Addenda. Bound and lettered, 3s.

3. JOHNSON'S SCHOOL DICTIONARY; printed in square 12mo. so as to present six columns at one view (including all the matter contained in the former). Bound and lettered, 3s.

4. The ARTISAN; or, Mechanic's Instructor: a popular, comprehensive and systematic Work, on the most useful Sciences. Complete in nine parts, price 1s. 4d. each; or in one thick 8vo. vol. extensively illustrated with Portraits of eminent Scientific Men, and 600 Diagrams, 12s. 6d.

5. ASTRONOMY, as it is known at the Present Day. By Geo. G. Carey, Esq. Editor of ‘The Artisan.’ 8vo. boards, with a Portrait of Sir I. Newton, 6s.

6. CHEMISTRY as it is, compared with what it Was. By Geo. G. Carey, Esq. With a Portrait of Sir H. Davy, F.R.S. 8vo. boards, 9s.

7. FAIRY FAVOURS, with OTHER TALES. By E. F. D. Foolscap 8vo. boards, 5s.

“This is a pretty and clever little volume; and we really could not put our hand on any publication of the class, better adapted either for the encouragement of home study, or for premiums at school.”—*Literary Gazette*, April 30, 1825.

8. SCENES in PALESTINE; or, Dramatic Sketches from the Bible. By J. F. Pennie. Embellished. Boards, 5s.

“There is a richness of versification, often rising into sublimity, in some of these pieces, which would do credit to any Poet of the present day.”—*Literary Chronicle*.

9. The ECONOMIST of TIME; or, Golden Rules for growing ‘Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise,’ 1s.

10. The PRACTICAL ECONOMIST of TIME, and MORAL IMPROVER; containing blank Tables for filling up, according to the principle recommended by Dr. Franklin, 1s.

“The above neatly done up in case, together, 3s.

11. FACETIE CANTABRIGIENSES; consisting of Anecdotes, Satires, smart Sayings, &c. relating to celebrated Cantabs. With an excellent Portrait of Professor Porson. Foolscap 8vo. boards, 5s.

12. The HOUSEWIFE'S DIRECTORY; being the most complete System of Domestic Economy ever submitted to public notice; including every kind of Instruction in Cooking, Pickling, Preserving, &c. &c. By J. E. Watson. Bound in red, 4s. 6d.

“We never recollect to have cast our eye over so much truly useful knowledge to all who would become good housewives, as is contained in this ‘Directory.’”—*Monthly Repository*.

13. The STRANGER'S GUIDE; or, New Ambulator for the Tour of the Metropolis, and its Vicinity, within the Circuit of twenty-five Miles. With a Map. Bound in red, 5s.

14. SATURDAY NIGHT; a Miscellany of Literature, Information, and Amusement; embellished with Engravings on Wood, by Branstoun. Complete in ten parts, at 1s. each; or in two vols. 8vo. boards, 12s.

15. SUNDAY MORNING; a Miscellaneous Work comprising a choice Selection of Moral and Religious Subjects: illustrated by Woodcuts of the Cartoons, &c. &c. Complete in nine parts, at 1s. each; or in two vols. boards, 11s.

16. The UNIVERSAL RIDDLER; or, Enigmatical Repository: containing One Thousand Enigmas, Charades, &c.; being the largest, the most original, and the best Collection ever printed, 5s.

17. The LONDON MATHEWS; containing his Travels in Air, on Earth, and on Water; his Youthful Days; his Adventures in America; his Trip to America; and his last new popular Piece, called his Memorandum Book; with nearly forty Original Songs, and illustrated by thirty-six Engravings of Mr. Mathews, in the different humorous Characters he sustains in the four Entertainments, accurately coloured. 18mo. boards, 3s.

18. The SPOUTER'S COMPANION; being a Collection of the best Recitations in Verse and Prose, with twelve coloured Engravings. Third Edition, greatly enlarged, 3s. 6d.

19. LONDON ODDITIES; or, Theatrical Cabinet: consisting of Songs and Recitations; with twelve characteristic coloured Plates, by Cruikshank, 6s. 6d.

20. The UNFORTUNATE ROYAL MISTRESSES, ROSAMOND CLIFFORD and JANE SHORE; with historical and metrical Memoirs of those celebrated Persons, by Sir Thomas More, &c. With a fine Portrait. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Printed for W. COLE, 10, Newgate Street; and to be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

This paper is published early on Saturday, price 6d., or 10d. if post free; Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London: published by Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications ‘for the Editor’ (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Ray, Creed Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Chapple, Pall-Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin & Co. Glasgow; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.